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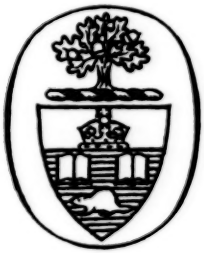

Bertrand Russell: The Pilgrimage of Scientific Philosophy — Lewis S. Feuer

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CONTENTS

VOL. XXIV APRIL, 1955 No. 3

Bertrand Russell: The Pilgrimage of Scientific Philosophy — LEWIS S. FEUER — 217

The Moon and the Fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* — ERNEST SCHANZER — 234

LETTERS IN CANADA: 1954 — Edited by A. S. P. Woodhouse

Poetry — NORTHROP FRYE — 247

Fiction — CLAUDE T. BISSELL — 257

Remaining Material — J. M. S. CARELESS, A. BRADY, and Others — 267

Publications in French — W. E. COLLIN — 306

Publications in Other Languages — WATSON KIRKCONNELL — 334

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BERTRAND RUSSELL: THE PILGRIMAGE OF SCIENTIFIC PHILOSOPHY

LEWIS S. FEUER

I

EVERY philosophy is a work of autobiography. Behind the impressive aspect of logical demonstration there is the man, with hopes and anxieties. It was, however, the great dream of Bertrand Russell that a scientific philosophy could be constructed rising above human trammels, god-like in its ethical neutrality. Now we ask: Was the pilgrimage of scientific philosophy a quest after a non-existent god? When we have probed beneath the logical surface of Russell's philosophy, do we find that its apparently logical formulae have been shaped to express his emotional needs?

Russell has himself come to recognize that logic is not the whole of philosophy. He distinguishes questions which are scientific and amenable to general agreement from those which concern the ultimate import of the universe and history. And philosophy in this latter sense, Russell states, is an "organic whole of extra-rational decisions"; its answers are born of the philosopher's personal circumstances, not of logical or scientific evidence.[1] We are led to ask, however, whether there is indeed a co-existence of two modes of philosophy. Or does *every* basic tenet of Russell, the scientific philosopher, turn out upon analysis to be a disguised "extra-rational" decision of Russell, the human individual?

The key to Russell's philosophy is indeed not its method of logical analysis. Its source lies in various images and motifs, set forth on his part with candour. As the dominant image of his psychological unconscious changes, so changes his scientific philosophy. The early years of his thinking were an epistemological poem, devoted to his loneliness—solipsism, as the philosophers call it. Russell grappled with devices that would help him to reach out to the common-sense external world, only to find that his logic was already committed to loneliness. He was then the defiant rebel who would have surmounted the world of time as an aristocratic logician, a free man who sought to dwell in eternity. During the First World War, his parental affections and sense of duty were awakened. He tried to influence ordinary men, and suffered imprisonment. His political philosophy exalted the individual against repressive forces. He was drawn to anarchism and international socialism. When at this time he wrote his metaphysics,

[1] *A History of Western Philosophy* (New York, 1945), 787.

he found that the universe, too, is composed of anarchist particulars, without inner connection.

The search for political values and ethical certainties took Russell in 1920 to the Soviet Union, where he was repelled by the cruelty in Lenin's personality, and found the Bolshevik philosophy too much like that of American industrialism.[2] The commissar, like the financial magnate, regarded human beings as the means to the elevation of production statistics. His search for a political creed drew Russell on to China, where he stayed for nearly a year; he came to love China's "large tolerance and contemplative peace of mind."[3] There, too, he became ill, and was for several weeks at the point of death. His faithful students of the Peking University, partisans of the Young China movement, "wished to be present at the deathbed of the philosopher Lo Sou," and asked to bury him by the Western Lake.[4] But Russell recovered, returned to England to open a school for children, wrote books on education and the reform of sexual ethics.

A recurrent primitivism occurs in Russell's thinking. If, he thought, education could preserve the natural vitality of the child, the world might still be saved. The man who disliked his contemporaries with a Swiftian contempt, loved children. "The nursery-school, if it became universal, could, in one generation," he wrote, "remove the terrible dead-weight of disease and stupidity and malevolence which now make progress so difficult."[5] With the coming of economic depression, he once more developed communistic sympathies; but by 1937, he had found the world so irrational that he wrote: "Freud's 'death wish' may be more or less mythological, but on the whole it affords a better explanation of the present behaviour of Europe than is possible on a purely economic explanation."[6] And to the House of Lords, after the Second World War, he repeated the ultimate question: "Is it possible for a scientific society to continue to exist, or must such a society inevitably bring itself to destruction?"[7] The scientific society, like scientific philosophy, had ended in doubt.

II

A "subjectivistic madness," says Russell, is characteristic of most modern philosophy. This deepening subjectivism, he continues, has

[2]*Bolshevism: Practice and Theory* (New York, 1920), 35–41, 80–1.
[3]*The Problem of China* (London, 1922), 198.
[4]C. P. Sanger, "Bertrand Russell," *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 14th ed., XIX, 678.
[5]*Education and the Good Life* (New York, 1926), 229–30.
[6]"Two Prophets," *New Statesman and Nation*, XIII (1937), 416.
[7]*Parliamentary Debates*, Fifth Series, CXXXVII (1945–6), 90.

advanced "towards a personal isolation inimical to social sanity."[8] An essential subjectivity pervades Russell's own work. He struggles to break from its grasp, but in vain. Indeed, Russell's life-long philosophic problem was set for him by his experiences as a lonely child.

> I was myself the product of a solitary education, up to the age of sixteen—somewhat less fierce than Mill's, but still destitute of the ordinary joys of youth. I experienced in adolescence just the same tendency to suicide as Mill describes—in my case, because I thought the laws of dynamics regulated the movements of my body, making the will a mere delusion. When I began to associate with contemporaries, I found myself an angular prig. How far I have remained so, it is not for me to say.[9]

Bereft of the sustenance of parental affection in his early years, the libidinal emotional attachment to persons and things which underlies the sense of reality was disrupted. A world without love is a world without reality, its personages become phantoms, and the narcissism of the lonely child is the emotional progenitor of solipsism. "I can remember, at the age of five, being told that childhood was the happiest period of life (a blank lie, in those days). I wept inconsolably, wished I were dead, and wondered how I should endure the boredom of the years to come."[10] Existence was a burden and one longed for liberation from it. "As a child my favorite hymn was: 'Weary of earth and laden with my sin.' At the age of five, I reflected that, if I should live to be seventy, I had only endured, so far, a fourteenth part of my whole life, and I felt the long-spread out boredom ahead of me to be almost unendurable. In adolescence I hated life and was continually on the verge of suicide, from which, however, I was restrained by the desire to know more mathematics."[11] Boredom did not afflict Russell's adult life; but the realities of the world of human hatred left him in emotional isolation. When he observed the behaviour of men in the First World War, he says, "it became obvious that I had lived in a fool's paradise. Human nature, even among those who had thought themselves civilized, had dark depths that I had not suspected."[12]

A world from which one is emotionally alienated is a world which one would destroy. What we cannot destroy in action, we tend to destroy in thought. What is obstinate in crude reality, we try to reduce to appearance and fantasy. And when philosophers consign things to the "unreal," they are using a weapon which can blow hos-

[8] *A History of Western Philosophy*, xxi.
[9] *Education and the Good Life*, 119–20.
[10] *Ibid.*, 185.
[11] *The Conquest of Happiness* (New York, 1930), 16–17.
[12] *Selected Papers* (New York, 1927), xi.

tile realities into verbal smithereens. Now the solipsism of the philosopher has all the qualities of emotional narcissism. The solipsist feels aggressive and resentful toward the world. He seeks therefore to annihilate it in thought. In the absence of emotional attachments, all things seem to him unreal, except self, and that too he may at times question. "At the age of fifteen," says Russell, "I recorded in my diary that no fact seemed indubitable except consciousness. (Now, I no longer make this exception)."[13] Solipsism is, then, the outcome of emotional withdrawal. "It would give me the greatest satisfaction," wrote the mature philosopher, "to be able to dispense with the sense-data of other people, and thus establish physics upon a solipsistic basis, but those—and I fear they are the majority—in whom the human affections are stronger than the desire for logical economy, will, no doubt, not share my desire to render solipsism scientifically satisfactory."[14] This desire to dispense with external realities and the experiences of other persons was projected by an extra-rational decision into a philosophic principle. This principle sounded harmless enough, "Wherever possible, substitute constructions out of known entities for inference to unknown entities."[15]

What does Russell's principle of philosophizing mean? On the face of it, it sounds like a form of what is known in scientific logic as the principle of economy, according to which the scientist is advised to choose the simplest hypothesis which explains a set of facts. A "logical construction" is a way of talking about a person or thing without assuming that he or it exists. Your friend, your wife, your child, are taken as collections of your sense-data. It violates the "law of economy" to speak of their real, personal lives.

Whatever this procedure is, it is not that of science. Russell does not present us with alternative hypotheses and their respective predictions. The newborn child early in its life decides in favour of the hypothesis that external realities exist. But Russell's method would advise us to cultivate anew the feelings of a narcissistic child. We are to take all scientific knowledge and re-translate it into a narcissist-bound vocabulary. This emotive translation has no scientific advantages. It is not the kind of activity which leads to new discoveries. A peculiar attempt to resolve an emotional difficulty thus disguises itself as a logical principle.

If we accept Russell's philosophical principle, we are committed beforehand to solipsism. His method has a sort of scientific plausibility;

[13] *Ibid.*, x.
[14] *Mysticism and Logic* (London, 1925), 158.
[15] "Logical Atomism," in *Contemporary British Philosophy*, First Series, ed. J. H. Muirhead (London, 1925), 363.

its verbal formulation reminds us of similarly sounding principles of Newton and Ockham. The resemblance, however, is superficial. The scientific law of economy is not the child of narcissism, but arises from realistic dealings with objects. Russell's "law" is a pseudo-methodological principle. It dresses feeling in methodological language, in order to give rise to the universe which his emotions demand. It gives a logical form to the psychological fact of emotional estrangement.

III

The solipsist withdraws from hostile realities into a self-enclosed world. There is also in Russell the spirit of aristocratic rebellion, dwelling on mountain-tops in proud defiance of the ruling powers. When in 1896, in his early twenties, he wrote his first book, *German Social Democracy*, he had eloquent words for the personality of Ferdinand Lassalle: "His whole character is that of an epicurean god, unwittingly become man, awakening suddenly to the existence of evil, and finding with amazement that his will is not omnipotent to to set it right."[16] Above all, Byron is the hero who attracts Russell. Of Byron he writes in terms which could be self-descriptive: "The aristocratic rebel, of whom Byron was in his day the exemplar, is a very different type from the leader of a peasant or proletarian revolt. . . . The aristocratic rebel, since he has enough to eat, must have other causes of discontent. It may be that love of power is the underground source of their discontent, but in their conscious thought there is criticism of the government of the world, which, when it goes deep enough, takes the form of Titanic cosmic self-assertion. . . ."[17] The circumstances, says Russell, which make an aristocrat become a rebel must be in some way peculiar. He refers to Byron's Calvinist upbringing, his shyness, the traditions of a lawless family, the great-uncle who had killed a man and was forever ostracized, the "sense of friendlessness," the unconscious quest for a mother which "made him look for comfort in love-affairs," and the mother whose cruelty he feared.

Similar circumstances prepared Russell for a philosophy of aristocratic rebellion. His mother and father were dead when he was three years old. They both had been freethinkers; John Stuart Mill was Russell's godfather. His father, Viscount Amberley, had been converted to "opinions which were unpopular and contrary to the interests of his class." When Russell, nearing his seventies, edited, in filial piety, the *Amberley Papers*, he wrote of his father with a sense of identity: "In Amberley, as in many Russells, the desire to study and

[16] *German Social Democracy* (London, 1896), 42.
[17] *A History of Western Philosophy*, 747.

philosophize fought with the inherited desire for power, and with the moral conviction—for it was no less—that he must do a Russell's duty to the State." Amberley shocked his family by his heterodox views on birth control and his sympathies for the British Positivist group and the Paris Commune. His son would later do the same. Byron's family antecedents were a model of conformity compared to Russell's. Among his near relatives, Russell included an uncle who became a Mohammedan and contracted an illegal marriage with a Spanish "woman of obscure origin," another relative who used his pistol freely to threaten people, and a third who became a Catholic bishop. Russell was brought up by a grandmother who "had a Puritan dislike of vitality and of many innocent forms of enjoyment. She instinctively hated her children's marriages, both from maternal brilliance and from a horror of sex. . . . " Calvinist asceticism, social nonconformity, and rebellion lived in the same household. The family recalled the legend of its Covenanter ancestor, "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil," and had no faith that virtue was to be found in the majority of men. The Russells remembered that a forbear had been executed in 1683 for resistance to the Stuarts; Lord John Russell, Prime Minister of England, had sustained the Whig tradition in 1832. The family tradition bred a demonic spirit of revolt.[18] An English court had set aside his father's will, and had tried to assure that young Bertrand would be inculcated with more conventional ways. He was taken on alternate Sundays to the Episcopalian and Presbyterian churches, and at home was instructed in the tenets of the Unitarian faith.[19] This education in comparative religion produced an atheist at the age of eighteen; by that time, the reading of Mill's autobiography persuaded Russell that the argument for a First Cause was fallacious.

The aristocratic rebel in Russell received its classic expression in the ethics of the free man, who seeks in spirit to transcend the mutabilities of earthly existence. The beauty of tragedy is everywhere for Russell, "all the loneliness of humanity amid hostile forces is concentrated upon the individual soul."[20] The aim of Russell's metaphysics at this time was to liberate men "from a view which regards time as the devouring tyrant of all that is." "To realize the unimportance of time," he wrote in *Mysticism and Logic*, "is the gate of wisdom . . . a certain emancipation from slavery to time is essential to philosophic thought."[21]

[18]*The Amberley Papers*, ed. Bertrand and Patricia Russell (New York, 1937), I, 26, 29, 36–8, 143–4; II, 250, 449.
[19]*Living Philosophies* (New York, 1931), 9–10.
[20]*Mysticism and Logic*, 54.
[21]*Ibid.*, 21–2.

Liberation from slavery to time, rebellion against the devouring tyrant, the sense of tragic culmination—these are the psychological images which shape the so-called "scientific philosophy." The principles of mathematics thus acquired for Russell a votary mystic significance. Mathematical truths were eternal, unsullied by human motive, the habitation of an impersonal intellectual immortality. In mathematics, "our ideals are fully satisfied and our best hopes are not thwarted."[22] The Platonic reverence for mathematics became a singular instrument for aristocratic rebellion.

The Webbs and the Russells at the turn of the century lived in close intellectual companionship, linked by their common Fabian outlook. In her diary, Beatrice Webb recorded her conviction that Russell's philosophy of tragedy was no work of scientific thinking, but the product of an intense emotional choice. "I thought he held that, as pure reason and scientific verification could not be applied to anything but phenomena, it was a betrayal of the intellect to accept *any explanation* of the universe as a whole. But it is clear that his personal bias toward the tragic in life has made him select and dogmatically affirm the most tragic of all the hypotheses of the nature of the great 'unknown'—the one in which man poses as the supreme martyr of life. . . . Tragedy is a pose with him, and both the facts of the universe and the facts of matrimony must live up to it." The rigorous Puritan logician made a strange impression upon the Fabian researcher. She thought that Bertrand lacked sympathy for other people's emotions, that he was a "good hater," and "almost cruel in his desire to see cruelty revenged."[23]

Sometimes the aristocratic rebel would turn to self-immolation. A kind of philosophic asceticism then ensued. Scientific philosophy, Russell would say, consisted of a study of "dry and abstract matters." With self-denial and severity, he would analyse the definitions of mathematical continuity and infinity. Philosophy was then a communion with impersonal gods, and its aim was somehow to eliminate the fact of man, petty creature, from its concerns. An extra-rational criterion determined for Russell what facts and what sciences were philosophically "important." The facts of biological evolution, together with all social science, he held, had no bearing on the questions of "genuine philosophy." They were terrestrial pariahs. The fact of human existence had somehow to be repressed in the free man's metaphysic. A man became metaphysically "free" in so far as he annihilated himself, and mathematics was to celebrate the liberation of man

[22] *Ibid.*, 69.

[23] Beatrice Webb, *Our Partnership*, ed. Barbara Drake and Margaret I. Cole (New York, 1948), 217, 278.

from himself. Ethical neutrality was then an attitude in which one identified one's self with the impersonal order, a supreme act of self-abnegation, in which one joined with the universe to rule one's questions out of order. Ethical neutrality enthroned an impersonal super-ego. The aristocratic rebel was too proud to ask for a place in the universe where he was unwanted. But he sought, none the less, to identify himself with the universe which denied him.

Revolt against material existence, against the tyranny of time, is scarcely a motive of ethical neutrality. Scientific philosophy was not then the product of a desire for disinterested knowledge. It arose from powerful drives to deny the character of existent realities. Time seemed to be an "unimportant" aspect of reality because Russell, like Socrates, longed for the eternal truth of a non-temporal world. To the ordinary person, to the student of human history, to the scientist, the temporal character of things is all-important. The scientific philosophy of aristocratic rebellion wishes to overthrow this Tory monarch.

The diabolical god who torments human beings never ceased to be in the background of Russell's thinking. One night, in the summer of 1920, he wandered upon a desolate spot along the banks of the Volga. He found a strange assemblage of human beings, half-nomads, huddled in their tents. On the boat nearby were his British socialist companions, engaged in propagandist harangues, "loud-voiced love making," and "well-informed" discussions of the materialist conception of history. They were indifferent to a dying friend, uninterested in the patient silence of the politically useless. "But something of that patient silence had communicated itself to me, something lonely and unspoken remained in my heart throughout all the comfortable intellectual talk. And at last I began to feel that all politics are inspired by a grinning devil, teaching the energetic and quick-witted to torture submissive populations for the profit of pocket or power or theory."[24] Philosophy is the revolt against the grinning devil.

IV

Russell is the only living philosopher who has stated his philosophy in a single sentence. To be sure, the sentence has a conditional clause, but like Hillel, Russell sums up all metaphysics while you stand on one leg, and tells you that the rest is commentary. "In metaphysics my creed is short and simple. I think the external world may be an illusion, but if it exists, it consists of events, short, small, haphazard. Order, unity, and continuity are human inventions as truly as are

[24] *The Problem of China*, 18–19.

catalogues and encyclopaedias."[25] This metaphysics is written in the language of science. Yet experimental fact is not its source. The electrons and protons of the physicist's world, says Russell, "are composed of entities which are metaphysically more primitive which may be conveniently called 'events'."[26] Now there is no experimental basis for the assertion that sub-atomic particles are made up of "metaphysically primitive events." Russell's world of events is a projective vision, not a hypothesis of science.

Indeed, this metaphysics of logical atomism is a declaration of individual independence projected on the component elements of the universe as a whole. D. H. Lawrence once characterized in extravagant terms the extra-rational source of Russell's metaphysics. Lawrence had been Russell's pacifist co-worker for a brief period during the First World War, and he recorded his impressions of those who were advocating pacifism: "They all want the same thing: a continuing in this state of disintegration wherein each separate little ego is an independent little principality by itself. What does Russell really want? He wants to keep his own established ego, his finite and ready-defined self intact, free from contact and connection. He wants to be ultimately a free agent. . . ."[27] Lawrence alternately reproached Russell for excessive rationality and sadism: "It is not the hatred of falsehood which inspires you. It is the hatred of people, 'all people' of flesh and blood. It is a perverted, mental bloodlust. Why don't you own it?"[28]

The doctrine of logical atomism, indeed, envisaged a world of "little independent principalities," a universe of "logically separable particulars," of aristocratic rebels disguised as metaphysical ultimates. And Russell, the social philosopher, wrote sympathetically during those years of the individualist aspects of anarchism. His *Proposed Roads to Freedom* advocated a "vagabond's wage," a guarantee of subsistence to persons who choose not to work, but who prefer to wander, think, or create, after their own desire.[29] The human society of extreme individualists and the metaphysically separable atoms have a common projective source.

There was little which Russell found to love in people at this time. He was horrified by "the spectacle of the young men of Europe being deceived and butchered in order to gratify the evil passions of their elders."[30] His own teacher, McTaggart, author of a metaphysics of

[25] *The Scientific Outlook* (New York, 1931), 98.
[26] *The Analysis of Matter* (London, 1927), 9.
[27] *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, ed. Aldous Huxley (New York, 1932), 250–1.
[28] *D. H. Lawrence's Letters to Bertrand Russell*, ed. Harry T. Moore (New York, 1948), 60.
[29] *Proposed Roads to Freedom* (London, 1918), 179.
[30] *Living Philosophies*, 13.

love, to whom Russell had dedicated his first philosophical work, was chief witness for the Crown in the prosecution that sent Russell to jail because of his militant pacifism. The majority of his colleagues at Cambridge voted to oust Russell from his lectureship.[31]

Russell stood by the fire, one night in 1916, and talked of what was within him to Constance Malleson.

> One wanted personal love to be like a beacon fire lighting up the darkness. . . . One felt an alien among people to whom one could not speak in a language they would understand. . . . One fought and battled for hope and grew weary in the struggle. . . . The centre of one was always and eternally a terrible pain—a curious wild pain—a searching for something beyond what the world contained, something transfigured and infinite—the beatific vision. . . . One did not find it. . . . Perhaps it was not to be found—but the love of it was one's life. It was like passionate love for a ghost. At times it filled one with rage, at times with wild despair, it was the source of gentleness and cruelty and work, it filled every passion one had. . . .[32]

The hatred of men, the tyranny of time, the grinning devil, how could he stand above the world which enclosed him? From his jail-cell, Russell wrote to his friend:

> I *must*, before I die, find *some* way to say the essential thing that is in me, that I have never said yet—a thing that is not of love or hate or pity or scorn, but the very breath of life, fierce and coming from far away, bringing into human life the vastness and the fearful passionless force of non-human things. . . . I want to stand at the rim of the world, and peer into the darkness beyond, and see a little more than others have seen, of the strange shapes of mystery that inhabit that unknown night. . . .[33]

This haunting awareness of the unknown depths of existence, this mystic sense of primitive existence, was somehow lost in Russell's metaphysic. The logical atomist took the easier direction of teasing the Victorian cosmic order. The world, Russell declared, is a "higgledy-piggledy and haphazard affair . . . the universe is all spots and jumps, without unity, without continuity, without coherence or orderliness or any of the other properties that governesses love."[34] The great Victorians like T. H. Huxley had had the faith that science would liberate mankind. But Russell began to fear that science was a new false god which would enslave men. A kind of suicidal drive seemed to him at work within the development of science itself. Scientists had once been inspired by the hope for real knowledge concerning the

[31] G. H. Hardy, *Bertrand Russell & Trinity* (Cambridge, 1942), 41; G. Lowes Dickinson, *J. McT. E. McTaggart* (Cambridge, 1931), 116.
[32] Constance Malleson, *After Ten Years* (London, 1931), 107–9.
[33] *Ibid.*, 126.
[34] *The Scientific Outlook*, 95.

world. But now, said Russell, they were coming to believe that scientific laws were human conventions, truisms, or tautologies, "which tell us almost nothing about the course of nature." And this scepticism, the product of science, would finally corrode science itself, paralysing the activities of the next generations of scientific thinkers.[35] Science is becoming debased into an instrument of power by an industrial civilization which does not mourn the decline of the search for truth.

Although he referred to John Dewey as an American Nietzsche, Russell did not pretend to refute him. Ultimately, he said, the controversy between himself and Dewey "arises from a difference of values, and cannot be argued without, at some point, begging the question."[36] His philosophy had thus terminated in an extra-rational affirmation of values, which he exalted even when science turned upon them. In the end, the free man would refuse obeisance to the science which itself was becoming a tyrant, another aspect of the grinning devil. "Science," Russell said, "tends more and more to become sadistic."[37] The motif of cruelty, however, had not been absent from his own scientific philosophy. A strange death-wish had issued in universal scepticism and "analysis" which delighted in disintegration.

Thus, Russell's metaphysic oscillated among the various emotional drives—the quest for eternity and for the liberation from self, a recurrent desire for human affection and the recognition of the objects of common sense, a solipsistic wish to annihilate external reality, a destructive intent towards causal order and laws of nature, a desire to build the world out of independent entities.

From time to time, Russell continued his efforts to frame a conception of a knowable world. In this vein he proposed that the "metaphysically primitive material" of the universe be conceived of as collections of unsensed sense-data distributed throughout space. To grasp the "intrinsic character" of the material, he argued, we must have recourse to our experience, our own sense-data. Electrons and protons are thus composed, he asserted, of sensations. Russell adduced no evidence, however, that physical objects must be dissolved into collections of sense-data. He acknowledges that his metaphysic is "essentially Berkeley's: whatever is, is perceived."[38] What he has done, in other words, is to project human perceptions as the "ultimate constituents of matter." As a metaphysician, he is as subjective as

[35] *Ibid.*, 94, 100. Cf. "Relativity: Philosophical Consequences," *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 14th ed., 100.
[36] "Dewey's New Logic," in *The Philosophy of John Dewey*, ed. Paul Arthur Schilpp (Chicago, 1939), 156.
[37] *The Scientific Outlook*, 263.
[38] *The Analysis of Matter*, 213, 10.

Schopenhauer, who apprehended as most "real" within himself the inchoate strivings of unconscious will, and affirmed that the Universe as a whole was, like himself, unconscious Will. Russell, as a solipsist turned metaphysician, says that the intrinsic nature of the Universe as a whole is as himself, sense-data, even if they lie about unsensed. Was there ever a more "extra-rational" decision to declare all reality to be built in one's own image?

These different worlds and different images struggled for mastery within Russell, all under the guise of scientific philosophy. Each extra-rational decision had its array of "scientific arguments." The realistic motivation to recognize the world of common sense had itself been experienced as a release of feeling. At the beginning of the century, G. E. Moore, Russell's friend, took the lead in the rebellion against Hegel's metaphysics; and, says Russell, "I followed, with a sense of emancipation. . . . we reverted to the opposite extreme, and thought that *everything* is real that common sense, uninfluenced by philosophy or theology, supposes real. With a sense of escaping from prison, we allowed ourselves to think that grass is green, that the sun and stars would exist if no one was aware of them. . . ."[39] The world of common sense, the reality-principle, was sometimes in recurrent ascendancy, and even unseated the Platonic entities from their timeless realm. Years later Russell wrote that in Platonic theories "there is a failure of that feeling for reality which ought to be preserved even in the most abstract studies. . . ."[40] As a logician, he stated, he could give many intellectual grounds for this change in spirit, "but if I were a psychoanalyst, I could no doubt show that they all have emotional sources. I think the War made me feel that there would not be much point in the realm of essence if there were nobody left to think about it."[41]

The strengthening of Russell's "feeling for reality" was coincident with the awakening in him by the war of social affections, the "parental instinct" as he called it. The logical sense of reality evidently depends on the degree to which objects are experienced as emotional realities; solipsistic and Platonic reservations are overcome when emotions reach out to persons and things. Fenner Brockway has recorded his impressions of Russell at this time, when both men served together on the "No-Conscription Fellowship." Russell worked with enthusiasm and simple comradeship. "He was very hard up during this period,

[39]*The Philosophy of Bertrand Russell*, ed. Paul Arthur Schilpp (Chicago, 1944), 12.
[40]*Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy* (London, 1938), 169.
[41]*Mysticism and Logic* (New York, 1929), v–vi.

and arrived late for committees more than once because he hadn't any coppers to pay for a bus . . . or, more likely, because he had emptied his pocket for some down-and-out. He was full of a spirit of fun. . . ."[42] The man whom some found cruel was for others a lover of men. And, indeed, both spoke the truth. For the person whose love is thwarted in a hostile world will hate others or himself, and Russell's philosophies reflected each of these experiences. The distinction between love and hate, Russell had once written, is unimportant for philosophy, for "they are closely analogous attitudes towards objects." In actuality, however, no distinction was ever more important for a man's philosophizing. With the shifting intensities and directions of Russell's love and hatred, "scientific philosophy" would be solipsist, Platonist, realist, or logical atomist. One thing alone it never was; it was never scientific.

"Scientific ethics" is part of the acknowledged cultural spirit of our time. Whether in Aristotle's precepts or Dewey's experimentalism, our colleges are largely devoted to the inculcation of "scientific ethics," the ways of the prudent, temperate, calculating man. When it comes to ethics, Russell's rebellion against the "rational" is unmistakable and outspoken. He finds an emotional poverty in Aristotle's *Ethics*. Aristotle, he says, "shows no sign of having had any of those experiences which make it difficult to preserve sanity, all the more profound aspects of the moral life are apparently unknown to him. . . . What he has to say is what will be useful to comfortable men of weak passions, but he has nothing to say to those who are possessed by a god or devil, or whom outward misfortune drives to despair."[43] The ethics of the free man reveals itself as that of a man "possessed by a god or devil," as one which finds rationality only on the surface of things, which has a sense of more profound realities in pre-rational depths. Russell was once reproached for not being judicious and temperate, for lacking "*sophrosyne*." "This," Russell replied, "I think, is just. I will only add that *sophrosyne* is not a quality I wish to possess; I associate it with limited sympathy and a secure income. . . . During the last war, the War Office sent for me and exhorted me to preserve a sense of humour. With great difficulty I refrained from saying that the casualty lists made me split my sides with laughter. No, I will not be serene and above the battle; what is horrible I will see as horrible, and not as part of some blandly beneficial whole."[44]

[42]Fenner Brockway, *Inside the Left* (London, 1947), 68.
[43]*A History of Western Philosophy*, 184.
[44]*The Philosophy of Bertrand Russell*, 725.

V

A novelist once asked Russell whether he still ever resorted to mysticism. "Yes," answered Russell, "when I am humiliated."[45] As Russell grew older, however, those moments grew less frequent. "Gradually I learned to be indifferent to myself and my deficiencies; I came to center my attention increasingly upon external objects: the state of the world, various branches of knowledge, individuals for whom I felt affection."[46] He could never respect public opinion, but he became more tactical in his dealings with it. Things are permitted to a "licensed lunatic," he noted, which would be thought unforgiveable in another man.[47] Wisdom had to conceal itself in jest. He even came to acknowledge that there was a crude truthfulness in people's cynicism towards the high-minded. "The high-minded idealist who stands for Parliament—on this point I speak from experience—is astonished by the cynicism of the electorate which assumes that he only desires the glory of writing the letters 'M.P.' after his name. When the contest is over and he has time to think, it occurs to him that perhaps after all the cynical electors were in the right."[48]

Human happiness, Russell now felt, was an attainable ideal. Every rationalist nourishes a streak of primitivism; the eighteenth century had its myth of the "noble savage," and Russell believes that in the hunting state men's desire for excitement was more easily gratified than it has been since. Only aristocrats, he adds, have tended to remain in that stage. But the simpler emotions are those that bring the greatest happiness. Men of science, he believes, are happiest because of their simple satisfaction in their work. But he has watched his gardener, well over seventy, whose fount of joy is inexhaustible, and he sees human happiness available to all.[49] In his own life, he says, "I have found the happiness of parenthood greater than any other that I have experienced." Here is a vague instinctive emotion, primitive and natural, in which the individual overcomes his isolation and is aware of himself as "part of the stream of life flowing on from the first germ to the remote and unknown future."[50] As a "scientific philosopher," Russell has expressed something like contempt for Bergson's defence of instinct. But as a man, who philosophizes about life, the myths of primitivist metaphysic are alone adequate to his feelings.

[45] *D. H. Lawrence's Letters to Bertrand Russell*, 9.
[46] *The Conquest of Happiness*, 17.
[47] *Ibid.*, 131.
[48] *Ibid.*, 119–20.
[49] *Ibid.*, 144–5, 57.
[50] *Ibid.*, 198.

In his old age Russell has found life more exciting, adventurous, and zestful than he had dreamed possible at the age of five. Like Byron, he had gone to strange places, and like a romantic political hero in one of Disraeli's novels, had known the allure of the Far East. "I am glad to have smelt a Chinese crowd and a Sicilian village, though I cannot pretend that my pleasure was very great at the moment."[51] He had indulged a passion for collecting rivers, seeking out sources of life, in some symbolic way, as he had sought in philosophy for indubitable certainties. "For my part, I collect rivers. I derive pleasure from having gone down the Volga and up the Yangtse, and regret very much having never seen the Amazon or the Orinoco."[52]

With many of a much younger generation, Russell for a brief time looked to the Soviet Union as the beacon of mankind. Communism, he wrote in 1932, "creates an economic system which appears to be the only practicable alternative to one of masters and slaves. It destroys that separation of the school from life which the school owes to its monkish origin, and owing to which the intellectual in the West is becoming an increasingly useless member of society. It offers to young men and women a hope which is not chimerical and an activity in the usefulness of which they feel no doubt. And if it conquers the world, as it may do, it will solve most of the major evils of our time. On these grounds, in spite of reservations, it deserves support."[53] Russia, he added, was also the only country which had achieved a rational sexual ethics.

This last hope in the scientfic society dwindled during the next decade. Science without love had become cruelty disguised as technical efficiency and historical necessity. And Marx's philosophy was too earth-bound to appeal to the Russell who had wandered among the infinites. Nor did the prospects of American hegemony seem to Russell a very cheerful alternative. The philosophy of John Dewey has always appeared to him as much the same as Marx's. Neither, he holds, is concerned with understanding the world. Both wish to change it. For both the pragmatist and the Marxist, to know something is to be able to change it as we wish. He once set forth his fears of American business values. "They will keep a *dossier* of every student educated in colleges under American control, and will probably see to it that those who profess Socialist or Radical opinions shall get no posts. They will insist upon the standard of hypocrisy which led them to

[51] *Ibid.*, 163.
[52] *Ibid.*, 154.
[53] *Education and the Modern World* (New York, 1932), 189–90; cf. *Conquest of Happiness*, 148, 216.

hound out Gorky when he visited the United States." He had been apalled by "Americanism," by its creed of "clean living, clean thinking, and pep," which can signify the repression of art, beauty, and philosophy. America in the early twenties signified to him a belief in the "mystic efficacy of cold bath and dumb-bells."[54] And during the next twenty years, personal experience reinforced his scepticism concerning academic freedom and the disinterested pursuit of truth in American seats of higher learning. But the margin of choice had become narrow. The Soviet star had declined and Russell hoped that America might blunder its way towards leadership of a free society. He could meanwhile take pride in the English Labour Government, and see in its work some fulfilment of his own life's efforts. His final word in ethics is "so simple," he says, "that I am almost ashamed to mention it, for fear of the derisive smile with which wise cynics will greet my words."[55] He asked for the way of love; this could be one's religion, one's motive for existence. The solipsist, the seeker after eternity, the aristocratic rebel, had completed his pilgrimage.

The ambivalent moods of our civilization dwell in Russell's thought. He has sought for a scientific philosophy, and found that knowledge of it eluded him. He has longed for a scientific society, and feared its cruelty and tyranny. He has pursued logic, while his spirit desired the mystic's vision. He has advocated socialism to eliminate men's misery, but he has been anxious for the future of freedom in the socialist society. He has asked for ethical neutrality in philosophy; yet his own philosophy is the most personal of documents.

Russell has not built a philosophical system. That indeed is part of his greatness. Neat systems can be manufactured to order by academics who repress the conflicts of existence. Where he has failed, his failure is a demonstration of the poverty of human instruments in the face of ultimate questions. His life has been a pilgrimage for philosophic and political certainties which he never found. He developed a method for philosophic analysis, but the method never overcame human doubt.

Every great philosophy is an individual expression which cannot be fitted into the confines of any school, class, or party. Russell's thought is of this stature. More of himself as a man, with all his doubt and questionings, has entered into his philosophy than is customary among his fellow-thinkers. Doubts which were elementary, anxieties which were unrespectable, have appeared in a philosophy which is

[54] *The Problem of China*, 180, 221, 82.
[55] *The Impact of Science on Society* (New York, 1951), 59.

no cut-and-dried package, sterilized, and capable of mass production. Other philosophers made the limits of reality co-extensive with the domain of their method. This Russell has refused to do. He has found ultimate truth and falsehood meaningful but beyond him; he has not denied the mystic's vision or affirmed the scientist's world; he has discovered that the basic problems have no answers. Perhaps this seems a modest conclusion after a lifetime of scientific philosophy. But in an age of ideology and pretension, the discovery of human ignorance is an achievement of human knowledge.

THE MOON AND THE FAIRIES IN *A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM*

ERNEST SCHANZER

THIS article is mainly concerned with the Moon and the Fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, two subjects which, though apparently unconnected, are yet closely related in a number of ways, and are united at one point: in the identification of the Fairy Queen with the Goddess Diana and hence with the Moon. I shall begin with the fairies.

My excuse for breaking Shakespeare's butterfly fairies on the wheel of critical analysis is that they have been already so badly mauled by other commentators that little further harm can come to them. If my fellow-lepidopterists had not already transfixed them on pins and often stuck on them what seem to me misleading labels, I should not have joined in the chase.

In this play we are given three wholly distinct kinds of fairies, provided we can speak of Puck as a fairy at all. He was not considered so in popular superstition, but was thought of as a spirit of another sort, whose merry pranks made him the most popular of all the sprites that haunted the English countryside. By making him servant and practical joker to Oberon, Shakespeare began the process of degradation which finally turned him into the devil Pug, the familiar of witches. In our play he considers himself to be a fairy, as his "And we fairies, that do run By the triple Hecate's team" (V. i. 381) shows.[1] (Cf. also III. ii. 110). He is the complete opposite of the tiny fairies with whom Shakespeare fills Oberon's and Titania's train, being gross and earthy, boisterous, rough, and boyish, where the tiny fairies are aerial, timid, and courteous. Nothing could be more misleading than to speak of them as irresponsible children, as so many critics do. Sir Edmund Chambers, for instance, writes:

> When we turn to the fairies, we find that what enters into human life only as a transitory disturbing element, is in them the normal law of their being. They are irresponsible creatures throughout, eternal children. They belong to the winds and the clouds and the flowers, to all in nature that is beautiful and gracious and fleeting; but of the characteristics by which man differs from these, the sense of law and the instinct of self-control, they show no trace. Puck, the fairy jester, is a buffoon of spirits, whose sport it is to bring perplexity upon hapless mortals. Oberon and Titania will be jealous and be reconciled to each other a dozen times a day, while for culmination of their story you have the absurd spectacle

[1]Quotations are from the New Cambridge edition.

of a fairy in love with an ass. So that in them is represented, as it were *in vacuo*, the very quality of which it is the object of the play to discern the partial and occasional workings in the heart of humanity.[2]

The whole passage is typical of much that has been written about the fairies of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It lumps together Oberon and Titania, Puck, and the tiny fairies, as if they all had in common the characteristics of childish irresponsibility and lawlessness. But though there are hints of these qualities in Puck, Shakespeare's description of the attendant fairies points rather to the opposite characteristics. They are conscientious and very much overworked servants of the queen, with little time for idle gossiping.

> I must go seek some dewdrops here,
> And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
> Farewell, thou lob of spirits: I'll be gone—
> Our Queen and all her elves come here anon. (II. i. 14 ff.)

The time employed on these errands is very carefully apportioned by their exacting mistress:

> Come, now a roundel and a fairy song:
> Then, for the third part of a minute, hence—
> Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
> Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
> To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
> The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
> At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
> Then to your offices, and let me rest. (II. ii. 1 ff.)

Life among the fairies smacks more of Aldershot than of Cockaigne. In their encounters with Bottom, the tiny fairies, so far from being like children, show themselves accomplished and ceremonious courtiers. To see them otherwise robs the scene of much of its humour. For Bottom, with his customary adaptability to any part he is called upon to play, at once fits himself to his new role of Prince Consort, and proceeds to hold a levee. As we would expect, he plays the part to perfection. He is courteous without condescension, well informed about each fairy's family, genuinely interested in their affairs. In his second encounter with them we find the same qualities, mingled with greater familiarity. Now we have "Scratch my head, Peaseblossom," but also "Give me your neaf, Monsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your curtsy, good monsieur." (IV. i. 6 ff.)

Oberon and Titania, though very different in kind from their attendant fairies, are no more childlike or irresponsible than they.

[2]E. K. Chambers, *Shakespeare: A Survey* (London, 1925), 85.

When commentators speak of "little Titania," or when Professor Charlton, lamenting the undomesticated life led by Oberon and Titania, tells us that "acorn-cups impose no fellowship,"[3] it is evident that these critics take the King and Queen of fairyland to be of the same miniature brand as their attendant spirits. That Shakespeare did not think of them in that way is plain enough. The Titania who winds Bottom in her arms is clearly a full-grown woman. Not only would it be unactable to have a tiny Titania make love to Bottom, but it would also be unthinkable. For the humour of their love-scenes depends on our realization that it is a supremely beautiful woman who is enamoured of this weaver turned ass. (Had Shakespeare thought of the fairy queen as diminutive in size, "Titania" would have been a most unhappy choice of name for her.) Shakespeare clearly thinks of Titania and Oberon as of the same stature as the traditional English fairies, who were considered to be of normal human height or slightly below it. Nor are they depicted as ethereal, mere gossamer and moonlight. Not only Titania's "Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms," but also Oberon's

> Come my queen, take hands with me
> And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be (IV. i. 84 ff.)

make against this impression. But more harmful than the notion of Oberon's and Titania's diminutive size is the notion of their childlikeness and irresponsibility. Of this I can find no trace in the play. They are the counterpart in the spirit-world of Theseus and Hippolyta, like them full of stateliness and dignity, though more ceremonious and distant. Their quarrel is not a children's squabble, no sooner engaged in than forgotten, as Chambers would have us believe, but a quarrel which, if we are to credit Titania, has been in progress for many months, disrupting the whole body politic of fairyland. Only thus can we understand Titania's speech about the chaos in nature, which has arisen out of their quarrel:

> And this same progeny of evils comes
> From our debate, from our dissension:
> We are their parents and originals. (II. i. 115 ff.)

This is more than a merely poetic allusion to a year of unusually bad weather. It is rather the disorder in the macrocosm which, in so many of Shakespeare's plays, accompanies disorder in the body politic, here the state of fairydom. Of irresponsibility I can find no more sign in Oberon and Titania than of childlikeness. Neither Titania's rearing of the little changeling boy for the sake of his mother, and her refusal

[3]H. B. Charlton, *Shakespearean Comedy* (London, 1938), 117.

to buy domestic peace at the price of parting with him, nor Oberon's treatment of the Athenian lovers suggests irresponsibility.

Shakespeare has been sometimes reproached with having gelded the English fairy, having robbed it of its fearfulness and hence its reality, and turned it into a trifle light as air, the mere plaything of the imagination. We can see why he should have done so for the purposes of this play. He probably felt that the traditional English fairy was too uncanny and fearful a creature to be accommodated in this scene of tragical mirth. And so, in creating the attendant fairies in this play, Shakespeare drew on a *jeu d'esprit*, written probably a few months earlier, Mercutio's Queen Mab speech. But the miniature and flower-like fairies had been created for a special purpose in a particular play, and in no way ousted the traditional English fairy from the poet's imagination. Not until *The Tempest* does he return to the "Shakespearean" fairy; all the references in the intervening plays are to the conventional fairies of English folklore.

It is of course disguised as the traditional English fairies that Anne Page and her fellow-conspirators come to torment Falstaff in Windsor Park. Commentators frequently speak of these fairies as played by children, and account for their inclusion in the play on the grounds that Shakespeare had at his disposal some choir-boys, as he probably did for the performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Sir Edmund Chambers, for instance, writes: "Possibly the play was performed at Windsor, and, if so, the singing-children of St. George's Chapel, who in earlier days had rivalled their better known fellows of the Chapel Royal in their acting of court plays, may have supplied the ouphes and meadow-fairies of the last scene."[4] But the text of the play makes it abundantly clear that the fairies were not played by little children but by actors of normal height, or slightly below it, among them the boy-actor who took the part of Anne Page and two others of the same stature, one of whom turns out to be "a great lubberly boy." Had they been played by children they could never have been mistaken by Falstaff for real fairies. For, unlike so many of the critics, Falstaff has not had his notions of what English fairies are like upset by a perusal of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. All the characteristics and activities of the fairies in this scene are those of the traditional English fairy and not those of the flower-like attendant spirits of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

When Antony says to Scarus, "To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts" (IV. viii. 12), he is probably referring to three qualities that belong to the traditional English fairy and are shared by Cleopatra:

[4]Chambers, *Shakespeare*, 165.

extreme beauty, powers of enchantment (also referred to in Marcellus' "Then no planets strike, No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm," *Hamlet* I. i. 166), and the munificent bestowel of gifts, especially "fairy gold," upon her favourites. Cleopatra proves her fitness for the role by promising Scarus "an armour all of gold." Belarius, on catching sight of Imogen in his cave, declares, "But that it eats our victuals, I should think Here were a fairy" (*Cymbeline* III. vi. 42). And Pericles asks his daughter: "Are you flesh and blood? Have you a working pulse? And are no fairy?" (V. i. 155). In both cases the reference is to the traditional fairy's superhuman beauty. When Imogen exclaims,

> To your protection I commend me, gods!
> From fairies, and the tempters of the night
> Guard me, beseech ye! (II. ii. 9)

she is voicing the common fear, still widespread in Shakespeare's day, of the fairies' power to harm their human victims in the dead of night. In all these instances Shakespeare has the traditional English fairy in mind to whose demise in the popular imagination he so largely contributed.

Now let us turn to the Moon. While the theme of love-madness weaves together various apparently unrelated portions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Shakespeare creates unity of atmosphere chiefly by flooding the play with moonlight. There is only one daylight scene in the entire play, part of the first scene of Act IV, where we watch the coming of dawn and with it the arrival of Theseus' hunting party. And here the coming of daylight and the sounding of the hunting-horns announce the return of sanity, the dispersal of magic and illusion, the end of the dream. Theseus and Hippolyta are both daylight characters. Neither of them is unimaginative, and Theseus, at least, is depicted as an ardent lover. But he has wooed Hippolyta with his sword, in a fashion very different from Lysander's wooing of Hermia:

> Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
> With feigning voice, verses of feigning love. (I. i. 30)

And the Duke's cool reason and good sense throw into relief the lovers' absurdities. They have their natural existence by moonlight, which propagates phantoms and illusions, the world of dreams.

With Shakespeare, and, it would seem, with the Elizabethans generally, the Moon is never the great aphrodisiac that she became in later literature. She could not become so as long as poets continued to think of her as the Goddess Diana, the virgin huntress and jealous

guardian of chastity. Only through the Endymion myth was the moon connected with love for the Elizabethans, but this story alone could not overcome the predominant association of the "cold, wat'ry moon" with chastity. Shakespeare only once refers to the Endymion story, in Portia's "Peace ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion And would not be awaked" (*Merchant* V. i. 109), while there are many references to the moon's association with chastity. In our play alone we find

> To live a barren sister all your life,
> Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon (I. i. 73);

> But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
> Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon (II. i. 162);

and, less directly,

> The moon, methinks, looks with a wat'ry eye;
> And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
> Lamenting some enforcéd chastity. (III. i. 201 ff.)

Nor could the predominant association of the moon with chastity be overcome by another conception of Diana not unfamiliar to the Elizabethans. Like Artemis, Diana was originally worshipped as a fertility goddess, the special protectress of women, particularly in procreation and childbirth. Only under Greek influence, as a result of her identification with Artemis, did she later become a moon-goddess, the virgin huntress, and the jealous guardian of virginity. Lucina, who, as a goddess presiding over childbirth, had been frequently identified with Diana (as well as with Juno), and aided by her name, became also a moon-goddess, so that Dunbar, for instance, can write of "Lucina schynning in silence of the nicht" (*Poems*, XXXV, 1). The association of the moon with procreation and childbirth and all that pertains to growth finds its most famous expression in Elizabethan poetry in Spenser's address to the moon in his *Epithalamion* (372 ff.):

> And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
> And generation goodly dost enlarge,
> Encline thy will t'effect our wishfull vow,
> And the chast wombe informe with timely seed,
> That may our comfort breed:
> Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing,
> Ne let the woods us answere, nor our Eccho ring.

And the same attribution is found in George Wither's *Epithalamion* (199 ff.):

> But thou, Luna, that dost lightly
> Haunt our downs and forests nightly,

> Thou that favour'st generation
> And art help to procreation
> See their issue thou so cherish,
> I may live to see it flourish.

But this association of the moon with procreation and childbirth was not sufficiently widespread in literature to overcome the dominant poetic image of the cold, fruitless moon, the stern guardian of virginity.

Where the moon, for Shakespeare, is associated with love, it seems to be rather with fickle, inconstant love, because of the moon's changes. Thus in that great antiphonal love-chant between Jessica and Lorenzo the two scenes suggested by the moonlight to Lorenzo deal both with deserted and wronged lovers, Troilus and Dido. To Jessica the moonlight calls up the fateful meeting of Pyramus and Thisbe at "Ninny's tomb," but the second of her scenes no longer deals with lovers at all, but with Medea gathering enchanted herbs by moonlight. Here the suggestion comes from the association of the moon with magic and witchcraft, because of her identification with Hecate. There is another association with the moon, that of madness, which makes the moon's omnipresence in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* add meaning to its main theme. Inconstancy, magic, madness, all could be suggested to Shakespeare's audience by the many moon-references in the play. But it seems unlikely that the poet relied much on these associations. Though inconstancy, madness, and magic, all play a dominant part in the drama, Shakespeare makes no allusions to them in his moon-references. What we would expect is something like Juliet's "O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon," or Othello's

> It is the very error of the moon;
> She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
> And makes men mad.

To Hecate there is an allusion at the end of the play, in Puck's

> And we fairies that do run
> By the triple Hecate's team. (V. i. 380)

On the whole, it seems that Shakespeare's moon-references in this play are designed to create atmosphere rather than to underline a theme. As far as they suggest a theme at all it is, disconcertingly for the critic, not that of madness and inconstancy, but rather that of chastity at war with love, the chaste beams of the watery moon quenching young Cupid's fiery shaft, Diana's bud undoing the work of Cupid's flower. It is surprising that neo-Hegelian Shakespeare critics, who like to discover a play's inner meaning in the tension developed between two abstractions at war with each other, have so far

overlooked *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. But in fact the choice of the two ways of life never becomes a real issue. As far as there is a choice presented in the play it is between two kinds of love, the love of seething brains of the young Athenians, and the more balanced and rational love of Theseus and Hippolyta.

To create the atmosphere of woodland magic, dreams, and illusion Shakespeare never allows us to forget the moon. From the allusions to her by the royal lovers in the play's opening lines (of which more will be said anon) to Puck's

> Now the hungry lion roars
> And the wolf behowls the moon

the "Goddess excellently bright" is constantly referred to, by the lovers, the fairies, and the clowns. Yet when at the end of the play the Moon actually appears in person on the stage she comes not as the "Queen and huntress chaste and fair," but as Starveling, the tailor, who has been chosen to "disfigure" the person of moonshine.

Besides all the direct moon-references, it appears that Shakespeare to some extent merges the fairy queen herself with the moon by identifying her with the Goddess Diana. Not only does he give her a name which in Ovid is used as one of Diana's titles (Ovid also applies it in the *Metamorphoses* to Latona, Pyrrha, and Circe), but he seems more specifically to identify her with the goddess in the line "His mother was a vot'ress of my order" (II. i. 123). The order of the fairy queen? With human votaresses? It does not make sense. Yet commentators, with one exception, as far as I could discover, have passed over the line in silence. Furness, in his "Variorum" edition of the play, devotes over sixteen closely printed pages to notes on Oberon's "Mermaid" speech, but does not seem to consider this passage worthy of a single line of comment. The only exception to this editorial conspiracy of silence is Professor Dover Wilson, who in his edition of the play comments: "If Titania be Diana it is remarkable that this mother should be a 'vot'ress' of her 'order.' "[5] It is, indeed. That Shakespeare should have identified the fairy queen with Diana is not surprising. The identification was frequently made in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. When the classical nymphs were turned into fairies it was natural that the leader of the woodland nymphs, the huntress Diana, should become the fairy queen. Both Scot in his *Discovery of Witchcraft* and King James in his *Demonology* speak of Diana as a fairy. But it seems perverse to give to Diana a human votaress who is with child. And even if Shakespeare had here in mind the older con-

[5] *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, New Cambridge ed., 115.

ception of Diana, that of goddess of childbirth and special protectress of women, the words "vot'ress of my order" seem oddly chosen. Perhaps some topical allusion is the answer to the puzzle, with Titania at least in this episode standing for the Queen and the votaress perhaps for one of her ladies-in-waiting.

I have said that there is only one daylight scene in the play, part of scene i in Act IV. It is true that commentators and producers generally assume the opening scene of the play to take place by daylight. But I think the moon-references make it clear that this was not the poet's intention. The opening lines, as so often with Shakespeare, are intended to establish the dominant atmosphere of the play, that of moonlight, love, and dreams, and Theseus' "but O, methinks, how slow This old moon wanes" indicates, I think, a night-setting for the scene. This opening dialogue of twenty lines between the royal lovers is an extraordinary feat of artistry and has never been sufficiently praised. For sheer economy and multiplicity of effects it has no equal in any of Shakespeare's opening scenes, on which he generally bestowed more thought and care than on any other part of his plays. We are informed unobtrusively that we are in Athens, that the speakers are Theseus and Hippolyta, and that their wedding is to take place four days hence. Everything in the play points forward to the night of the wedding. It is to attend it and bless the marriage-bed that Titania and Oberon have come to Athens; it is for the wedding that the mechanicals are rehearsing their play; and it also marks the date when the fate of the lovers is to be decided. At the same time the characters of Theseus and Hippolyta are outlined in these opening lines. In both their speeches there is stateliness and majesty. But Theseus' utterance also betrays the ardent lover: "but O, methinks, how slow This old moon wanes," with its use of five long vowels suggesting the slow passage of time. Each uses a moon-simile which is indicative of their character. Theseus'

> she lingers my desires
> Like to a stepdame, or a dowager,
> Long withering out a young man's revenue,

with its realism, its gently mocking humour, is typical of the man. It is all of a piece with his speech on the lunatic, the lover, and the poet, or his

> Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
> Begin these woodbirds but to couple now? (IV. i. 141)

When later on in the scene he is in need of a relative for Lysander

with whom the runaway couple can take refuge, Shakespeare, having still Theseus' dowager on his mind, brings her out and turns her into Lysander's aunt:

> I have a widow aunt, a dowager
> Of great revenue, and she hath no child;
> And she respects me as her only son. (I. i. 157)

Hippolyta is a less ardent lover but more romantically inclined than Theseus. In her reply, which exactly balances Theseus' speech, the first two lines with their tripping measure suggest the speed of the passage of time until the wedding-night. Then she balances Theseus' moon-simile by one of her own, which is again beautifully fitted to her person:

> Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
> Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
> And then the moon, like to a silver bow
> New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
> Of our solemnities.

The comparison of the newly crescent moon to a silver bow is doubly appropriate. It suggests not only Diana the huntress and moon-goddess (in *Pericles* V. i. 249, Diana swears "by my silver-bow"), but is also particularly well suited to the warrior queen of the Amazons.

Incidentally, the opening ten lines also raise two minor problems: Why does Theseus speak of four days until the wedding, when it actually takes place within two days? And why, in a play that is flooded with moonlight, does Shakespeare, rather than give us a full moon, tell us in Titania's lines that the moon is almost new? To the first problem the answer seems to be that the inconsistency is due to carelessness or a change of plan in the course of writing the play. (The attempt of Furness to prove that actually three nights are spent by the lovers in the wood, since there are hints of three separate dawns, and since red-hipped humblebees cannot be hunted by moonlight,[6] is one of those minor "efflorescences of the absurd" which have congregated around this play.) The second problem is a little more puzzling, but need not greatly disturb us. The *raison d'être* for Hippolyta's moon-image is not that Shakespeare wants to inform us poetically that a new moon is toward, but that he wishes to provide Hippolyta with a fitting and beautiful image. Therefore for this purpose the moon is new, and for the purpose of the rest of the play it is full. Many so-called problems would vanish if we learnt to treat

[6]H. H. Furness, Variorum edition of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, xxvii ff.

Shakespeare less like a text-book on logic and more as Katherine treats Petruchio:

> But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
> And the moon changes even as your mind.
> What you will have it named, even that it is.

Besides sketching for us the character of the royal lovers, and giving us the necessary information about identity, place, and time, the opening ten lines of the play also evoke the atmosphere which is to dominate it. Ostensibly the moon figures in these lines as a chronometer. But it is chiefly introduced, together with the references to night and dreaming, to put us into the mood for the events to come. Then follow Theseus' words to Philostrate that strike the chord of merriment which, repeated at the end of the play, enfolds its main action, the events in the wood, with its heartbreaks and nightmare incidents. Into this music of happy concord notes of harshness and disharmony at once intrude with the arrival of Egeus and the young lovers. This discordant tune is taken up again and developed in the meeting of Oberon and Titania, and its echoes on a grander cosmic scale are sketched in by Titania in her speech about the chaos in nature. The jangling reaches its climax in the long second scene of Act III with Demetrius and Lysander determined to kill each other, both insulting Hermia, who is ready to come to blows with Helena. Then, almost at once, all discords are dissolved by Oberon's magic, and with the sounding of the horns and Theseus' happy arrival the full harmony of reciprocated love is re-established.

In conclusion I want to say a word about the skill with which Shakespeare weaves through his play two strands that yet are one, that of dreams and that of shadows. The dream atmosphere is suggested at the outset by Hippolyta's

> Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
> Four nights will quickly dream away the time.

And throughout the play these suggestions are built up by repeated allusions to dreams, until Puck's comment in his epilogue that, if we dislike the play, we should regard the whole performance as a dream. The fairies themselves lead a dream-like existence, "following darkness like a dream" (V. i. 384), and Oberon tells us twice that the lovers, upon awakening, shall regard their adventures of the night as a bad dream (III. ii. 271; IV. i. 174). And that is also how it appears to the audience. As soon as Demetrius and Helena make their first appearance in the wood we become aware that we are watching not real life

but some dream-like distortion of it, which at times turns into a nightmare. This feeling is increased after the application of the love-juice, and reaches its climax in the scene in which Lysander and Demetrius pursue one another in the blinding fog, misled by Puck's imitation of their voices. The arduous and constantly thwarted pursuit of an enemy we cannot reach, though he is quite close to us, the sound of mocking voices in the air, the hampered vision, the weariness of it all, the stumbling, all this bears the impress of a genuine nightmare. A little earlier, when Hermia is ready to come to blows with her old schoolfriend and the lovers rail at each other with that complete absence of all the restraints which mark man's social relations in his waking moments, we have also felt that we are living in a dream-world. Moreover, we are given to understand that the love of seething brains, of which Demetrius, Lysander, and Titania are the victims, is itself of the nature of a dream. Upon awakening, Titania believes her infatuation for Bottom to have been a dream:

> My Oberon, what visions have I seen!
> Methought I was enamoured of an ass,

while Lysander declares all love to be "short as any dream" (I. i. 144). The love that is purely the creature of the imagination is, Shakespeare suggests, itself a dream, and the dreamer one of the company of the lunatic, the lover, and the poet, for like them he gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. Bottom accepts his position as paramour of the Fairy Queen with all the readiness and the lack of surprise with which dreamers take for granted the most incredible happenings, and only when he awakes does he realize that he has had "a most rare vision," so strange that he will sing it at Thisbe's death for the benefit of the assembled court.

The shadow-references in the play are less ubiquitous. Love, we are told by Lysander, is "swift as a shadow, short as any dream." The fairies, too, are thought of as shadows, for Puck addresses Oberon as "King of Shadows" (III. ii. 347). Actors also are seen as shadows, as Theseus tells Hippolyta: "The best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them" (V. i. 213). In Puck's epilogue, since he is apologizing for all the actors, the word as used in "if we shadows have offended" again refers to the actors. The world of dreams and the world of shadows are really one, for, as Hamlet tells us, "a dream is but a shadow" (II. ii. 265). The play itself is thus both a shadow and a dream. Fairies, actors, dreams, love, plays, thus form a company of shadows, just as dreamers, lovers, poets,

and madmen form a company as creators of shadows. Life itself in this play is not yet thought to be a shadow, as in *Macbeth*, or to be a dream, as in *The Tempest*. It seems as yet no insubstantial pageant, and even some of the shadows, such as Bottom and his company of actors, and Puck, Oberon, and Titania, seem solid and real enough. Dream and nightmare are still securely fenced in, and are made to dissolve at the coming of dawn and the sounding of the hunting horns, which set bounds to the power of the fairies and their moonlit world of enchantment.

Letters in Canada: 1954

Edited by A. S. P. Woodhouse

IT is nineteen years since I planned and edited the first of this series, "Letters in Canada, 1935," and nine since I relinquished the burden to the competent hands of my successor, Professor J. R. MacGillivray. There is nothing sinister or ominous about my revisiting now the glimpses of the moon: I have been pressed into service, and next year the duty will be assumed by the Quarterly's new Editor, Professor Douglas Grant.

As happens but infrequently, it has been found possible to print the whole survey in the April issue. I should add that I have reverted to my original plan of a composite essay with the unlovely, but descriptive title of "Remaining Material," partly in order to give the new Editor a free choice in arrangement next year.

I. POETRY

Northrop Frye

The poetry of 1954 includes some reprinting of traditional poets as well as new work, and it may be simplest to deal with the serious verse in a roughly chronological order.

The impact of Lampman, Carman, Roberts, and D. C. Scott on Canadian poetry was very like the impact of Thomson and Group of Seven painting two decades later. Contemporary readers felt that whatever entity the word *Canada* might represent, at least the environment it described was being looked at directly. Like the later painters, these poets were lyrical in tone and romantic in attitude; like the painters, they sought for the most part uninhabited landscape. The lyrical response to landscape is by itself, however, a kind of emotional photography, and like other forms of photography is occasional and epigrammatic. Its variety is provided essentially by its subject-matter. Hence the lyric poet, after he has run his gamut of impressions, must die young, develop a more intellectualized attitude, or start repeating himself. Carman's meeting of this challenge was only partly successful, and it has long been a commonplace that he badly needs a skilful and sympathetic selection. This is provided in *The Selected Poems of Bliss Carman*, edited by Lorne Pierce (McClelland & Stewart, 119 pp., $3.00).

Carman should, of course, have edited himself. I have heard the late Pelham Edgar turn a poem of Carman's into a thing of unalloyed

delight by leaving out a couple of bad lines, but what a public reader can do an editor cannot do. What the selection does bring out is that Carman's conscious mind and his poetic instinct were disastrously at odds. The first stage in the development of a romantic poet's mind is normally a sense of the unity of that mind throughout its variety of impressions: this in turn is likely to be projected as some form of pantheism, which has its advantages if properly developed, as Wordsworth shows, but the disadvantage of adding vagueness to monotony if it is not. Carman's conscious mind stuck at a broken-down and corny version of Emersonian oversoulfulness: his editor, with a touch of distaste, speaks of "his elaborate theory of Unitrinianism—spirit-leading; mental guidance, physical fulfilment—the full revelation of the doctrine of Personal Harmonizing." I don't know what all this means, but it sounds in more than one sense too awful for words, and I note that most of the poetic results are omitted from this selection. On the other hand, Carman's poetic sense told him, as it told Isabella Crawford before him and Pratt after him, that the most obvious development of a romantic landscape poet is towards the mythological, towards making his emotional impressions into a *dramatis personae* of forces at once human and natural. Carman's formative influences were late Victorian, and he follows Swinburne, Morris and Rossetti in enamelling nature with primary colours and peopling it with the pagan gods of the turning year, "Our Lady of the Rain," the dying gods Adonis and Attis, nymphs and fauns. And while his conscious mind called for songs of the open road and getting in tune with the infinite, his real poetic imagination became increasingly brooding, lonely and haunted:

> The windows of my room
> Are dark with bitter frost,
> The stillness aches with doom
> Of something loved and lost.
>
> Outside, the great blue star
> Burns in the ghostland pale,
> Where giant Algebar
> Holds on the endless trail.

This is the kind of thing we remember from Carman, and we are most grateful to Dr. Pierce for confining himself to the memorable work, completely ignoring the pseudo-Carman, with his stentorian hymns to the Great Beyond like "Lord of my heart's elation," which are usually what get into anthologies.

A poet of the same generation as Carman is George Herbert Clarke, whose *Selected Poems* (Ryerson, xxvi, 54 pp., $3.00) have been

edited by George Whalley. Clarke was a university professor, and his poetic qualities are the typically scholarly ones, notably a tendency to identify the poetic impulse with melancholy moods and sonorous diction. Like most such poets, he loves the sonnet and the commemorative ode. The poems are academic in every sense, springing from a world in which everything from ideas to flowers has been ordered and disciplined, a world which would be almost paradisal if it were not just close enough to the working world to recollect its disorder in a meditative tranquillity. Death is for such a poet best understood in the funeral of George V, where it has the maximum of dignity; poverty and pain are best understood as things that may distract one from true knowledge:

> Perchance man may not climb
> Higher than Pisgah on the mountain road
> That twists and loops and narrows, for a load
> Of fear cumbers his heart, and sweat and grime
> Blind him. Benighted, he may mistake the trail. . . .

The limitations of such poetry are obvious enough, but it is still a perfectly valid form of poetic experience, and it is good sometimes to be reminded of more leisurely days when poets wrote odes on the hundredth anniversary of Queen's or McMaster and could feel convinced that

> Man was born
> To think eternal thoughts, yet to be torn
> Between the invisible world that looms sublime
> And this apparent, this ambiguous star.

The next generation of poets, growing up in the twenties, had encountered more urban and intellectual poetic influences, and found in T. S. Eliot especially a technique for adapting the old mythological themes to a human as well as a natural environment, and to ironic as well as to romantic uses. The mythological impetus itself simply reinforced the romantic heritage: Leo Kennedy's "Words for a Resurrection" is very close to Carman's "Resurgam." This generation of poets is represented in the contributors to *New Provinces* (1936), two of whom, A. J. M. Smith and F. R. Scott, have issued new books of verse this year.

A. J. M. Smith has always been a careful and sparing writer, and *A Sort of Ecstasy* (Ryerson, viii, 55 pp., $3.50) contains several poems which appeared in 1943 in *News of the Phoenix*, and were not new then. Even the passage from Santayana which gives him his title appeared in the earlier book. Mr. Smith has the reputation of being a metaphysical poet in the tradition of Donne: Professor Collin's essay on him in *The White Savannahs* uses his own phrase, "difficult,

lonely music," to describe the quality of his work. Certainly Mr. Smith is scholarly: we meet such phrases as "proud Romanticism" and "Apollonian energy," and part of the point about a poem on the H-bomb turns on the ironic application to it of a phrase from Shakespeare about mercy and from Hopkins about the Holy Spirit. Every poet demands his own kind of erudition; we need some knowledge of the *Odyssey* to understand "The Plot against Proteus," but we need much more classical background than that to follow Carman's Sappho lyrics, and in both cases whatever obscurity there is is the reader's ignorance and not the poet's wilfulness. Still, Mr. Smith's learning perhaps does interfere with his spontaneity. Too many of the poems seem to me to lack drive: the words do not develop rhythm but are fitted into a containing pattern. The poetry is intensely visual and conceptual; it slowly clarifies, but it does not dance. Sometimes, however, this slow clarification contains great emotional power, as in "The Bridegroom," in which the social and sexual anxieties of modern man come into a nightmarish focus:

> Where slaves or workmen strained to twist huge gears
> That moved vast vents or fed the flues,
> And fell some
> Into the fire, of sheer fatigue, and fried.

Looking at the new poems, one is surprised by the number of them that are romantic landscape poems in the Carman tradition: "To Hold in a Poem" is a summary of Canadian romantic themes. One wonders if the intellectualized irony of "Resurrection of Arp," even of the remarkable "Universe into Stone," is negative in direction, attacking the political and religious obstacles that prevent the poet from following a naturally romantic bent. That would account for a lack of exuberance in the difficult lonely music, if I am right in finding the lack there:

> I would put away intellect and lust,
> Be but a red gleam in a crystal dish,
> But kin of the trembling ocean, not of the dust.

Mr. Scott is a more fluent writer than Mr. Smith, and his *Events and Signals* (Ryerson, vi, 58 pp., $2.50) gives the impression of highly cultivated metrical conversation. This does not mean that it is shallow, but that its sincerity is controlled by urbanity. Its main theme is the inability of events in the modern world to produce signals that are profoundly communicative. The poet stands in churches aware of, but untouched by, the symbols of communion; he reads newspapers which reveal a misery that he is powerless to affect; he goes through a day's duties realizing that

> Though all is available, nothing is taken
> that is not pre-selected, hence the unsubstantial
> is the practical, the theory all-important,
> and the routines, sub-conscious theories
> wall up the doorways slowly, one by one.

It is part of the paradox of such an attitude that Mr. Scott's verse is least convincing when it is most explicit, and at its best when sardonically observant. He is one of our best writers of epigram and light verse, and sometimes a serious epigram, such as "The Bird," hits a bull's-eye, but his fables are better without morals. In the first of the "Social Sonnets," for instance, the octave sets up a satiric situation with great economy and brilliance, but the sestet, by commenting on it, merely weakens the point already made.

Students are often urged to use short words of Anglo-Saxon origin when possible—the polite ones, that is—but there are so many abstract and technical words in the language that the basis of conversational rhythm in modern English is polysyllabic, and a style founded on short Anglo-Saxon words is the most artificial of all styles. Mr. Scott has grasped this fact about conversational rhythm, and he has brought to a high level of technical competence a kind of meditative, musing poem through which the longer words of ordinary speech ripple with great colloquial freedom. "I am Employed," "My Amoeba is Unaware" and "Some Privy Counsel" are his best achievements in this vein. The same competence makes him extremely good at a kind of literary *collage*. "The Canadian Social Register" is based on an advertising prospectus, with all its fatuous phrases gripped in quotation marks like a pair of ice tongs. The very funny "Bonne Entente" I could quote, but I do not wish to save the reader the trouble of looking it up himself.

The next generation, growing up in a largely urbanized Canada, has two representatives this year. P. K. Page's *The Metal and the Flower* (Indian File Book, no. 7; McClelland & Stewart, 64 pp., $2.75) got the Governor-General's Medal, and deserved it, although my opinion of the practice of giving a medal to any poet over the age of ten is not high. But if there is such a thing as "pure poetry," this must be it: a lively mind seizing on almost any experience and turning it into witty verse. The taste is not faultless: sometimes a conceit is squeezed to a pulp, as in "Mystics Like Miners," "Christmas Eve—Market Square," and "Mineral," or dragged in by a too restless ingenuity, like the unpearled barbiturates in "Subjective Eye" or the hydrocephalic idiot in "Sleeper." The writing is less mannered than in *As Ten, as Twenty*, though she will still talk too much, in the sense that some of her points are made over-conceptually, in undigested

prose. This is true of "The Permanent Tourists," for instance, where most of the impact is made by the first stanza. Although she is essentially an occasional poet, Miss Page has a symbolic language of her own that operates on three levels: a lower level of emotion and instinct, symbolized chiefly by the sea; an upper level of intelligence symbolized by angels and abstract patterns in white; and a middle level of metal and flower, rose garden, and barbed wire, where there is passion but little communion:

> Black and white at midnight glows
> this garden of barbed wire and roses.
> Doused with darkness roses burn
> coolly as a rainy moon;
> beneath a rainy moon or none
> silver the sheath on barb and thorn.

This lovely stanza needs to be read in its context, for Miss Page is very skilful at varying a stanzaic pattern throughout a poem—one of the most difficult techniques in modern lyric.

She seems interested in everything, from salt mines to ski tows, but resists the temptation to be merely decorative and looks for the human situations involved in what she sees. The salt mine poem has a deceptively casual development in perspective from beauty to horror. Only a few subjects (such as "Freak") get outside her emotional range. Her studies of girls are perhaps the most obviously attractive of her poems: "Morning, Noon and Night," "Sisters," and "Probationer" are all highly successful, and the conclusion of "Young Girls," in her lower-level key, is a most sensitive evocation of adolescent tremors:

> Too much weeping in them and unfamiliar blood
> has set them perilously afloat.
> Not divers these—but as if the water rose up in a flood
> making them partially amphibious
> and always drowning a little and hearing bells. . . .

She is also admirable in seeing a story within a scene, and "Man with One Small Hand," "Portrait of Marina" (a spinster bullied by a sailor-father and "antlered with migraines" in consequence), and "Paranoid" are excellent little novelettes. More elaborate are the longer fantasies, "Images of Angels" and "Arras," both very beautiful, the latter a somewhat elliptical treatment of the Alice-through-the-mirror theme. Miss Page's work has a competent elegance about it that makes even the undistinguished poems still satisfying to look at, and the book as a whole is as consistently successful in reaching its objectives as any book I have read since I began this survey.

Mr. Irving Layton, like Bliss Carman, is a poet whose conscious and creative minds are at odds, and the former has, up to now, effectively concealed the fact that he is not only a serious poet but an unusually gifted one. *The Long Pea-Shooter* (Laocoon Press, 68 pp., $2.00) is mainly satiric verse, the *double-entendre* in the title giving the general idea. The book takes what one might call, borrowing a term from architecture, a miserere view of humanity, but the ironic eye does not have free play; it is oppressed by a conscience-driven and resentful mind which sees modern society as a rock pile and the poet as under sentence of hard labour. When there is a core of detachment in satire, there may be a core of reality in its caricature, but most of the world of *The Long Pea-Shooter* is a depressingly unreal world. If the book stood alone, one would be inclined to say that here is a remarkable mind that has somehow missed its vocation. And yet, there is a personal test which every critic applies to poetry, the test of involuntary memorizing. If one remembers a poem, or part of a poem, without making a conscious effort to do so, one is probably dealing with a genuine poet. And the little pieces of phraseology that keep sticking in one's mind are surprisingly frequent:

> I saw a continent of railway tracks
> coiling about the sad Modigliani necks
> like disused tickertape, the streets
> exploding in the air
> with disaffected subway cars.

In any case, the question of whether Mr. Layton is a real poet or not is settled by *In the Midst of My Fever* (Divers Press, Majorca, 41 pp.). An imaginative revolution is proclaimed all through this book: when he says that something "has taught me severity, exactness of speech" or "has given me a turn for sculptured stone," we see a new excitement and intensity in the process of writing. At last it is possible to see what kind of poet Mr. Layton is, and he proves to be not a satirist at all, but an erudite elegiac poet, whose technique turns on an aligning of the romantic and the ironic:

> Or hex me to see
> the great black-bearded Agamemnon
> slain by a danceband leader
> bonged on the head on the polished floor. . . .

The ridicule of the body, the sense that human genius grows out of human corruption, has always been a central theme in his work: here it becomes a co-ordinated vision of pity and terror:

Life is horrifying, said Cézanne,
but this is not
what he meant who picked flowers blooming
in the slaughterhouse; he meant the slit throats,
The bear traps smeared with blood, the iron goads, the frightened
servant-girl's Caesarian,
And this planet dancing about Apollo,
the blood drying and shining in the sun. . . .

One finds something of value on nearly every page of this book: vivid imagery in "Metzinger: Girl with a Bird"; quiet eloquence in "Paraclete"; well-paced narrative in "The Longest Journey"; and, in "The Birth of Tragedy," this:

A quiet madman, never far from tears,
I lie like a slain thing
under the green air the trees
inhabit, or rest upon a chair
towards which the inflammable air
tumbles on many robins' wings. . . .

And whatever lapses in expression one may find are of little importance when one is so constantly in touch with a poetic mind of genuine dignity and power. The real poet is now strong enough to dispense with the bristly palisade of self-conscious satire which has obviously been protecting him, not against the world, but against his own fear of sentimentality.

A still younger generation of poets born during the twenties of this century is represented in *Trio* (Contact Press, unpaged), a selection of verse by Gael Turnbull, Phyllis Webb, and E. W. Mandell. Here finally one meets the responses of people reared in a fully modernized Canada who find the forest as strange as Lampman found the city (see Mr. Turnbull's "Lumber Camp Railway"), and who accept political malaise and existential dread as the most elementary poetical assumptions (see Mr. Turnbull's "Twentieth Century," Miss Webb's "Earth Descending," and all of Mr. Mandell's "Minotaur Poems"). In a way this acceptance has protected them, like an inoculation. Poets who reached maturity between 1930 and 1945 were affected by the world's hostility to creation: these poets take the hostility for granted, and have been driven back on poetry as the most solid basis for experience of anything they know.

None of them have as yet wholly distinguished the process of writing a poem from the process of finding a poetic subject and writing it up, and all of them are apt to take refuge in some kind of literary allusion when they approach the emotional crux of their poem. That there are influences and derivations, such as Marianne Moore in Miss

Webb's "Standing," goes without saying: one should not look at those, but past them. Mr. Turnbull's "Post-Mortem" treats a difficult subject with great simplicity and directness, and "A Landscape and a Kind of Man" well evokes that curious nostalgia for mean streets that is a trade mark of contemporary sensibility:

> In some brick-infested town
> Where only the damp cobbles shine,
> And slate and soot and sameness blend,
> And smoke and cloud have no sure start or end,
> Crowded upon the margin of a garrulous sea. . . .

In Miss Webb another contemporary trade mark, the sense of apocalyptic parody, of the world soon coming to an end in after all a quite meaningless way, is what moves her to greatest eloquence:

> and, as a world tumbling shocks the theories of spheres,
> so this love is like falling glass shaking with stars
> the air which tomorrow, or even today, will be
> a slow, terrible movement of scars.

The variety of tone and technique in her work makes it interesting but somewhat uncertain in direction: "The Color of the Light" perhaps indicates most clearly both her latent powers and the core of a more individual style.

Mr. Mandell is less superficially attractive, with his strident rhythm full of strong beats and spondees, and is much more difficult to follow, with his superimposed mythopoeic imagery. But these are signs of staying power, and to my mind he is the one of the three most likely to develop not only in technical skill but in depth and range of vision. He is preoccupied by the perennial technical problem of transmuting the substance of myth into the form of immediate experience. And just as Carman turned to Sappho and the Adonis lament to express the plangent melancholy of a late pagan romanticism, so Mr. Mandell, born only a few years before Carman died, turns to the story of Theseus and the Minotaur to express our own sense of sinister initiation into some kind of fearful ordeal:

> It has been hours in these rooms,
> the opening to which, door or sash,
> I have lost. I have gone from room to room
> asking the janitors who were sweeping up
> the brains that lay on the floors,
> the bones shining in the wastebaskets,
> and once I asked a suit of clothes
> that collapsed at my breath and bundled
> and crawled on the floor like a coward.
> Finally, after several stories,
> in the staired and eyed hall,
> I came upon a man with the face of a bull.

Of the three Ryerson chap-books, Elizabeth Brewster's *Lillooet* (28 pp., $1.00) is a description of life in a small Canadian town, in tone a little like the Leacock Mariposa studies. It is very readable and in places quite skilful, though for someone of Miss Brewster's abilities it must have been rather easy to do. The second of the chap-books, A. S. Bourinot's *Tom Thomson and Other Poems* (10 pp., $1.00), brings together half a dozen new pieces. Mr. Bourinot's verse has been praised by competent critics, and I wish I could feel that I was wrong in regarding the short-line rhythm of the title poem as only a kind of desiccated *Hiawatha*. On the other hand, the prose essays in *Five Canadian Poets* (Ottawa, vi, 26 pp., $1.00), especially the last three, are recommended: they are on D. C. Scott, Lampman, Sangster, Cameron, and William Marshall, and will appeal to anyone interested in our earlier poets. The third of the chap-books is Anthony Frisch's *Poems* (Ryerson, 22 pp., $1.00), one or two of which appeared in previous collections; they are smooth tailor-made lyrics, mainly social vignettes, with relatively little freshness of insight. A mimeographed collection called *The Book of Sketches* (11 pp.) contains much more interesting and uninhibited work. "The Machine" gives some new twists to a stock theme, in short oracular sentences expertly rhymed, and "Et Libera Me" deals with a bored God who wonders what he can make that will get away from his omniscience. The "Cancer Sonnets," too, have an appealing simple intensity. Fred Cogswell's *The Stunted Strong* (Fiddlehead Poetry Books, University of New Brunswick, 16 pp., 50¢) is a series of sixteen sonnets, in Spoon-River-Anthology vein, on the inhabitants of a rural Maritime community. Some real stories are told, and the sonnet-writing is fluent, though occasionally an imitation of colloquial speech gets caught up on a forced rhyme. The stories of Rose and Honour Logan seem to me to make the most direct impact, and to be freest of manipulation.

There is very little naïve verse in the 1954 stack of song, and none of it gets its head above doggerel. One or two privately printed booklets are better held over for another year. *Canadian Poetry in English*, chosen by Bliss Carman, Lorne Pierce, and V. B. Rhodenizer (Ryerson, xxxvi, 456 pp., $6.00), is a disappointing continuation of a fine series of books on Canadian literature. In its present avatar this book, originally an admirable bilingual anthology, is an industrious but commonplace collection of the vacuum cleaner type, including something by everybody, good or bad. For readers who already know something about Canadian poetry it has considerable bibliographical value, but what an outsider would make of it I can hardly imagine. Of Mr. Rhodenizer's preposterous "introduction" and other critical comments the less said the better.

II. FICTION

CLAUDE T. BISSELL

It would, I think, be generally acknowledged that the best Canadian prose is not to be found in our fiction. This negative tradition was firmly established in the nineteenth century. Whatever their merits as romancers, Richardson and Kirby wrote abominably. Even Mrs. Moodie, who could muster a good sturdy prose in her autobiographical volume, became pompous and stilted in her fiction. Poets like Heavysege, Campbell, and Roberts, who had their moments of lucidity and directness in verse, fell into a decline when they turned to fiction. The line of bad fictional prose has not been broken in this century. Even a superior novelist like Grove wrote so awkwardly that it is doubtful whether he ever managed to communicate his artistic vision. The inflated style favoured by the nineteenth-century novelists has largely disappeared, but it has given way to conscientious flatness and a humdrum realism which are often just as unattractive. There are shining exceptions each year, but the characteristic is so general that it can be made the key to an analysis of our fiction.

We can conveniently begin a study of the low-pulsed quality of Canadian fictional prose by looking at two novels of the year: Wilder Penfield's *No Other Gods* (Little, Brown, xiv, 341 pp., $3.95) and Grace Irwin's *Andrew Connington* (McClelland & Stewart, vi, 248 pp., $3.50). Dr. Penfield essays a reconstruction of the youthful career of the biblical Abraham; Miss Irwin continues the spiritual odyssey of the hero of her first novel, Andrew Connington, now transformed from cynical intellectual into a modern John Wesley. Despite the gap in time, the novels touch at a number of points: the ancient city of Ur and the modern metropolis of Toronto are almost equally resistant to the religious spirit; Abraham and Andrew Connington are both incorruptible and a little tiresomely single-minded. But it is in their approach to their subjects and ultimately in the quality of their prose that the kinship between the two novelists consists.

In the notes that Dr. Penfield provides at the back of his novel, he tells us about his theory of historical fiction. The "substance" of the novel is the tracing of "the evolution of historical characters from their childhood environment and inheritance to adult achievement." He goes on to say that "the novelist who has learned to look into the hearts of men and women with sympathy and understanding may come to know the unchanging patterns of human behaviour, and this knowledge constitutes in itself a basic science." "Thus," he concludes, "the novelist may strive to chronicle truth with as much assurance of success as the physician and the scientist in their fields of endeavour." This is a splendid tribute by a great scientist to the power of litera-

ture. Yet one may question whether fiction is not concerned with a kind of truth different from the truth of science, and whether the novelist will gain the happiest results by using the same patient and meticulous methods as the scientist. But these questions aside, Dr. Penfield has, it seems to me, given a clear statement of the assumptions which underlie much Canadian fiction, and which account for its pervasive tone. That tone—decorous, sober, frequently flat and monotonous—is almost inseparable from the method. Fiction becomes essentially a process of patient exposition by which you uncover general laws of human nature and ultimately demonstrate a moral truth. Thus *No Other Gods* moves clearly and logically forward to the point where Abraham realizes that he must take an unequivocal stand for monotheism and accept the call to lead his people into a new land. *Andrew Connington* is a series of incidents arranged so as to lead to the conclusion that the man of pure religious insight must inevitably break with religious respectability. In these two novels, particularly in the second, every sentence is part of the exposition and demonstration. There is no room for playful diversion or for distracting symbol.

When the precise didactic intent is absent from Canadian fiction, some of the sobriety goes with it, but the method is not greatly changed. Fiction still remains essentially a collection of statements about people, places, and events, cut up into chapters and arranged in a chronological sequence. The interest of the novel rests largely upon a simple narrative plane: "What happens next?" is the question the reader is constantly invited to answer, although, admittedly, the events are padded with comment and description.

The method does, however, admit a very considerable diversity of tone. There is the novelist who strives for a casual sophistication in keeping with his emphasis on life among the *haut monde*. Such a novelist finds the native scene inadequate, and, although he often condescends to a few Canadian vignettes, is most at home when he is abroad. Thus Suzanne Butler's *Vale of Tyranny* (Little, Brown, viii, 266 pp., $3.95), a historical novel of the latter part of the nineteenth century, is set in the Welsh border country and in France. Her heroine, Thorn Drayton, is a gayer and more polished version of the heroine of her first novel, *My Pride, My Folly*, who was of a lower social order and was confined in her wanderings to the United States and Canada. Miss Butler strives for an uncomplicated and easy directness that, unfortunately, many of her readers will take for shallowness. Another sophisticated novel with a European setting is Katherine Roy's *Lise* (McClelland & Stewart, iv, 251 pp., $2.75). Miss Roy

also charts the stormy love-life of a young and beautiful heroine, but her setting is contemporary and her approach is more elaborate, with a good deal more emphasis on thought and emotion and a style that labours, not with marked success, to achieve some measure of wit and sophistication. A second kind of novel within this dominant tradition is what I have described previously as the domestic romance—like the novel of sophisticated high life in that its staple is the anxieties and ecstasies generated by romantic love, but pitched in the lower key of homely domestic and small-town life. Miss Mazo de la Roche is still clearly in command here, although *Variable Winds at Jalna* (Macmillan, viii, 359 pp., $3.95) is a sadly attenuated version of the first of the Whiteoaks saga. The family is now reunited on the ancestral farmstead, much the same as it was thirty years ago despite Renny's capitulation to televison. The usual romantic squalls disturb the life of Jalna, but they pass quickly and life goes on in its horsey, inconsequential way. Basil Partridge's *Larry Pennington* (Westminster [Ryerson], 273 pp., $3.75) and Jan Hilliard's *A View of the Town* (Abelard-Schuman [Nelson, Foster & Scott], 269 pp., $3.75) present the same mixture of domestic realism and romance. Mr. Partridge selects the youngest member of the family, whose composite picture he had painted in *The Penningtons*, and follows him through military school, First World War army adventures, and his launching in the world of advertising. This is a more vigorous book, and more sharply observed, than Mr. Partridge's first novel, and is especially successful in catching the tone and rhythm of adolescent speech. Miss Hilliard's narrative is less a loose chronicle than either the Jalna novel or *Larry Pennington* and more a concentrated comedy. But the considerable charm of the book arises, not from the comic idea, but from the appeal of the crotchety and eccentric characters and from the genially exaggerated picture of the Maritime temper.

All of these novelists lack the portentous seriousness of Dr. Penfield and Miss Irwin. But usually the Canadian novel, even without a palpable didactic intent, has a doggedly serious tone and sets out to make its point about human nature or about society with something of the undeviating persistence with which Dr. Penfield and Miss Irwin drive home their spiritual convictions. Vera Lysenko's *Yellow Boots* (Ryerson, x, 314 pp., $3.50) and Hubert Evans' *Mist on the River* (Copp Clark, vi, 282 pp., $3.50) provide pat examples. Mr. Evans writes about the west-coast Indians, and Miss Lysenko about Manitoba Ukrainians. Each novel is an honest and appealing record of a minority group in the West, of the problems of adaptation, and of the responsibility that the majority has for understanding sympathetically

the struggles of the minority. Seriousness of tone and a careful realistic recording of experience, but with the study of human relations for their own sake apart from religious and social questions, characterize Isabelle Hughes' *The Wise Brother* (Ryerson, vi, 272 pp., $3.75), Sheila MacKay Russell's *The Living Earth* (Longmans, Green, 317 pp., $3.50), and Charles Bruce's *The Channel Shore* (Macmillan, vi, 398 pp., $3.95). One modification should be made with respect to *The Living Earth*. Mrs. Russell still retains some of the lightness that made her autobiographical book about nursing, *A Lamp is Heavy,* justifiably popular, but since she is dealing largely with a kind of life that is crude and often terrifying—frontier life in northern Alberta—she finds it hard to hit upon an appropriate kind of lightness and too often falls back upon a laboured and repelling facetiousness. She is at her best when she is not striving to make her two cardboard heroines talk as if they were leads in a bad Broadway comedy, and writes honestly and clearly about frontier life. Isabelle Hughes' *The Wise Brother* is set in the Toronto of the eighties, with characters drawn from the same family whose early history the author had chronicled in *Lorena Telforth* and whose position in contemporary Toronto society she had set forth in *Serpent's Tooth*. Despite a romantic sub-plot, the novel is primarily a study in the Machiavellian business temperament, Toronto style—certainly a good solid theme for the serious realistic novelist. But, as in her previous novels, the good intention is more clearly evident than the successful performance. Mrs. Hughes has a conscientiously flat style that is powerless to bring her characters or situations to life.

Of this group of serious, realistic novels, *The Channel Shore* is clearly the best. It springs out of deeply felt and clearly recovered experience, out of the most durable material upon which the novelist may draw—memories of place and persons known in early years. Mr. Bruce's "place" is a section of Nova Scotia shore-line where Protestant and Catholic, farmer and fisherman form a community close-knit despite the clash of religion and of calling. Mr. Bruce has no social or ethical axe to grind: he is simply presenting a study in human relations. The first part of the novel is taken up with two melancholy idylls of young love—the one, the old familiar story of desertion and disgrace, the other of family disapproval and its tragic outcome. The latter part of the novel examines the complex aftermath for the next generation of these twisted loves, with the central emotional situation arising out of a conflict between fatherhood of the spirit and fatherhood of the flesh.

Mr. Bruce's book has a unifying idea; his observations have depth

and precision; and, being a poet, he is disciplined in the use of words. And yet even this book cannot escape the stylistic blight that settles on so much Canadian fiction. Effects are built up by the slow accumulation of detail, by constant repetition; the freshness soon wears off, and a monotonous flatness descends upon the prose. Mr. Bruce's frequent espousal of a journalistic, breathless style—as if he were pausing to say, "Look now, all this is really very quaint and mysterious"—is no deterrent to this final effect. *The Channel Shore* is certainly good enough to invite comparison with Ernest Buckler's *The Mountain and the Valley*, another study of a Nova Scotia community, but Buckler's book still remains our finest example of regional realism.

The technique of which all the preceding novels have been, in various ways, examples is not, by its nature, an inferior technique. In many ways it simply amounts to a kind of decorous realism: the function of the novel is to tell us plainly and directly about a kind of experience that is reasonably familiar and bears a recognizable order. It is only a few years since we hailed this kind of realism as a welcome sign of our release from romance and fictional tract. And certainly the method is popular enough among contemporary novelists. When a writer uses it in conjunction with a subject of headline interest, when he is able to convince his readers that he has access to special information, and when he suffers from no inhibitions about the presentation of sexual experience, then he will, in all likelihood, produce a best-seller. This explains the success of Igor Gouzenko's *The Fall of a Titan* (Cassell [British Book Service], vi, 680 pp., $3.75). It is a study in the emergence of the ruthless, amoral "Soviet man" against a background of actual political figures, some directly presented, others thinly disguised. I suspect that in fifty years' time *The Fall of a Titan* will be classed with the fictional journalism that has appeared in such abundance during the last three decades, from both the left and the right; at the present time one cannot deny that it is a powerful *pot-pourri*, and that the mixture has a pungent literary flavour. Only narrow technical considerations can make this a Canadian novel: it really belongs to Russian literature, and perhaps its final evaluation should be left to Slavic scholars.

We may not unprofitably inquire into the reasons for the dominance in recent Canadian fiction of what I have called decorous realism. There are, I suggest, two basic reasons. The first goes back to what for most of us constitutes the nature of the real. The real is the average, the familiar, what can be encompassed in precise statement and charted in a simple chronological sequence. In Canada, the "real" is to be found most easily in village or rural life, and in charac-

ters who are not weighed down with ideas. Lionel Trilling has pointed out that "in the American metaphysic, reality is always material reality, hard, resistant, unformed, impenetrable and unpleasant. And that mind is alone felt to be trustworthy which most resembles this reality by most nearly reproducing the sensations it affords." This has been the Canadian metaphysic too, except that with us the national censor intervenes more frequently to place limitations on the "real." The second reason is our refusal to accept the novel as a work of art that demands concentration and a shaping of means to ends. Technical naïveté has always been a characteristic of our fiction, just as technical sophistication has been a characteristic of our poetry.

The weakness of the method illustrated, in various ways, by all the novels so far discussed is that it creates an atmosphere of the commonplace and invites an unadventurous style. Significantly, the most interesting novels of the year are not wedded to the method of decorous realism. They may be considered in three groups.

The first group is made up of three novels that are exotic by Canadian standards. Graham McInnes' *Lost Island* (World Publishing Co. [Nelson, Foster & Scott], x, 230 pp., $2.50), is a south-sea romance that begins in a mood of painstaking realism, then plunges us into a rather shocking *mélange* of Hollywood *clichés*. It is, however, distinguished, particularly in the descriptive passages, by a ringing, rhythmical, and often colourful and imaginative prose. Mordecai Richler's *The Acrobat* (André Deutsch [Collins], 204 pp., $2.75), about a young Canadian artist in Valencia, is a lost-generation novel for the fifties strongly reminiscent, in much more than its Spanish setting, of *The Sun Also Rises*. The book is heavy with undisciplined emotion, but it displays a pleasant mastery of colloquial dialogue, and a skill in handling the typical modern techniques of discontinuity. Florence V. Keys' *Return* (Thomas Nelson & Sons, iv, 171 pp., $3.00) which has been taken from a manuscript found among Miss Keys' effects following her death in 1951, is about the complicated relations that exist among a group of cosmopolitan intellectuals living in Switzerland prior to the First World War. There is a probing introspective quality about the book that, simply by contrast with the bulk of Canadian fiction, will be found attractive. But it fails to achieve any recognizable form: it is partly novel of ideas, partly drama of human relations, without being successful as either.

The second group of novels—Luella Creighton's *Turn East, Turn West* (McClelland & Stewart, x, 373 pp., $3.75), Ethel Wilson's *Swamp Angel* (Macmillan, vi, 216 pp., $2.50), Laura Goodman Salverson's *Immortal Rock* (Ryerson, xii, 267 pp., $3.50)—return

us to more standard Canadian fare. Of these three, the least experimental is Luella Creighton's *Turn East, Turn West*. Mrs. Creighton is back in her southern Ontario small town to which she introduced us in *High Bright Buggy Wheels*. She is, in a sense, repeating her theme, the rebellion of the sensitive heroine against a narrow environment, although the rich, dramatic background of religious fundamentalism has yielded to a background of petty, inbred conventionalism. The new novel thus lacks the colour and sweep of its predecessor, and there is no compensating gain in depth and subtlety of characterization. But *Turn East, Turn West* marks a considerable advance in the quality of the writing: the prose is sharper and harder, and does not depend on repetition and accumulation. Moreover, there are attempts to escape from the world of realistic detail. This is essayed through the medium of passages of rhythmical prose, inserted from time to time throughout the novel, which pick up an incident or a theme and give it a generalized significance.

Mrs. Wilson's *Swamp Angel* is a bolder departure from conventional technique than *Turn East, Turn West*. This might be expected of a novelist who has shown an increasing concern with depth of human experience as opposed to the parade of events, and who has always been sensitive to the advantages to be gained from variations in point of view. The novel begins with a scene full of the sharply observed details of dreamy domesticity in the same vein as many of the scenes in her preceding novel, *The Equations of Love*; but, having established the central situation—a young wife's successful carrying out of her plan to leave her vulgar, unimaginative husband—she then abandons direct narration, creating three distinct centres of interest related, not by action, but in the world of thought and emotion. For each of these centres she uses a different technique: the first, which concerns the young wife, is a connected realistic narrative; the second, which concerns an eccentric but wise old lady, friend of both the wife and the husband, is chiefly dialogue or interior monologue; and the third, which concerns the husband, can best be described as a verbal equivalent of a number of tawdry snapshots. Another connecting link is the "Swamp Angel," a tiny revolver that the old lady cherishes as a memento of the days when she was a circus juggler, an object that conveys a different meaning to each of the main characters. This may sound hopelessly involved, but Mrs. Wilson's clear, flexible style leaves nothing in doubt; and the introspective passages are balanced by descriptive passages about the scenery and the joys of fishing that remind us how intimately Mrs. Wilson has come to know and love her adopted British Columbia.

The third example of experimentalism is a historical novel, Laura Goodman Salverson's *Immortal Rock*. This is not a kind of novel where we have come to expect the unusual. In no field has "decorous realism," with strong infusions of romance, triumphed more consistently. Mrs. Salverson has a speculative and artistic mind, and she is not content with a simple arrangement of facts and observations. She does, however, establish a realistic basis; the book has an authentic ring, and is presumably drawn, either directly or indirectly, from the Scandinavian sagas upon which, in her childhood home, she was nourished. The book arises out of her speculation about the famous Kensington stone discovered in a field in Minnesota. She readily accepts the theory that in the fourteenth century a band of Norsemen penetrated as far as Minnesota. She reconstructs the motives that lay behind their journey, individualizes the surviving leaders, and then, as they face certain death in the wilderness at the hands of the savages, gives to each of them an apologia for his life. The apologia is cast in saga form—each man recalls the great crises of his past—but there are frequent returns to the present and the urgency of the immediate crisis is never lost. The book ends as the little band, led by the priest with cross uplifted, moves forward to certain death. In accordance with her heroic material, Mrs. Salverson pitches her writing in a heroic key; it is, however, always firm and controlled. The one important structural weakness is that the sagas themselves are not clearly interrelated, and there is consequently no strong thematic centre.

The last two novels to be considered, Ralph Allen's *The Chartered Libertine* (Macmillan, vi, 270 pp., $3.50) and Robertson Davies' *Leaven of Malice* (Clarke, Irwin, vi, 312 pp., $3.00), depart from the Canadian norm in a rather different way from that illustrated by the preceding groups. They are not experimental in any technical sense. Robertson Davies, for instance, has clearly not been impressed by the critics who hail "the disappearance of the author" as the distinguishing characteristic of the best modern fiction. Mr. Davies insists upon obtruding himself frequently and at considerable length. Fortunately, he has a good deal to say, and he has a delightful way of saying it. In this sense he is in the tradition of E. M. Forster and most of the Victorians—a typically English tradition and a healthy one provided the novelist can draw upon a fund of ideas. Mr. Allen is more reticent in his personal appearances, but the mark of his own convictions is clear in many passages. Both Mr. Davies and Mr. Allen have ideas and, what is more important by way of justification for their methods, both are satirists with the satirist's desire to link a particular absurdity to a general picture of human folly.

Satire has never been a strong ingredient in the Canadian novel. It has rarely (except in a novel like Earle Birney's *Turvey*) determined the tone of an entire book. To sustain a satirical tone throughout, a novelist must have a coolness, a flexibility of mind, that few of our writers have possessed. Moral indignation is not ruled out, but it must not take control; otherwise, the novel dwindles into preachment. The satirist in fiction must also have a willingness to exaggerate, to depart from the actual with a boldness that our decorous realists have found both undesirable and impossible. This is not to say that the satirist is a romancer; he has a firm hold on reality, and his exaggerations are not random flights but logical and probable extensions of what is known and recognized. Finally, the satirist flourishes best in a society where there are a few cultivated and articulate people interested in ideas, and the Canadian novelist, with his affection for the mute and inglorious, with his preference for the wheat field over the drawing room, has usually elected poor material for satire. In varying degrees, Mr. Davies and Mr. Allen have most of the virtues necessary for satire, and for this reason alone they are worthy of special consideration.

Mr. Allen writes with a particular issue in mind, and he is more deeply concerned than Mr. Davies with the implications of what he finds in society. The subject is, in a narrow sense, the clash between the principles of public and private ownership with respect to Canadian radio and television. Mr. Allen projects the clash a few years into the future when it forms the stuff of which major election issues are made. The C.B.C., under concerted attack from all sides for its failure to embody the popular will, collapses, and the forces of private enterprise and public vulgarity take over. The theme of the novel is, you might say, the terrible tyranny of the majority. The projection into the future is made on the basis of actual incidents that will be immediately recognized—attacks on controversial lectures and on plays that challenge orthodox assumptions, criticisms of the "long-hair" Wednesday Nights—so that the reader cannot dismiss the novel as cantankerous fantasy. In the process of uncovering the sources of bigotry and moral confusion, Mr. Allen captures and pins down for display a number of choice satiric specimens: tycoons who are unscrupulous traders in human fatuity; religious rabble-rousers of various kinds; politicians who never hesitate to put party before principle.

The satiric novelist, particularly when he writes from strong convictions as Mr. Allen does, has a nice technical problem in shifting from the attack to the defence. When he is on the attack he can exaggerate, and even distort. He does not have to worry about creating rounded characters; it is more effective to keep them two-dimensional.

But, on the defensive, he must use more sober measures; he must keep closer to the probable and he must strive to individualize. Mr. Allen has difficulty in making this shift. His main positive character, an attractive young woman who is a distinguished poet and a professor at the University of Ontario, is, of course, an intellectual and an apostle of light, but she is a sort of reluctant intellectual who is always in danger of disappearing into a romantic mist. Mr. Allen is really at his best on the attack; significantly, the novel ends, not with a measured and reasonable statement, but with a gleefully savage picture of organized vulgarity.

Mr. Davies does not have the problems of shifting from one tone to another, for he is not overwhelmingly exercised about any big, central issue. In a general way he, too, is interested, as all satirists are, in the eternal clash between those who enjoy the freedom of the human spirit and those who are prisoners of custom and prejudice. But Mr. Davies has no real protagonist: the hero of the book is the gay, disinterested mind. And the gay, disinterested mind is not the exclusive preserve of certain individuals or causes. Thus, Professor Vambrace is a bad-tempered and stupidly eccentric old man, but he can quickly demolish a cheerfully confused social worker who comes to him with an empty mind and a mouthful of psychological jargon. Solly Bridgetower, the young English instructor, is aware of the evils of academic specialization which, in his case, has decreed that he enter the new field of "Amcan" and, like "a scholarly werewolf," dig up the corpse of the great nineteenth-century Canadian dramatist, Charles Heavysege; but, with some assistance, no doubt, from that sprightly student of Canadians, Mr. Robertson Davies, he turns out some entertaining comments on his unpromising specialty. This ironic objectivity is nicely mirrored in the style. Erewhon Samuel Butler would have relished sentences like these: "Mr. Shillito was seventy-eight years old, and frequently put people into a position where they had to tell him that he didn't look it"; "She never thought about God herself, but she had a sleeping regard for Him, as a Being who thought very much as she herself did, though more potently."

Leaven of Malice is, in a sense, a sequel to Mr. Davies' first novel, *Tempest-Tost*. The background is the same—the Ontario town of Salterton, with its university, cathedral, and families of substance and tradition. Some of the same characters reappear, but the emphasis has shifted, and the picture of small-town journalism is quite new. The town is certainly not one that readers can pin-point on the map, and the characters are certainly far too articulate to be recognizable as good Canadians. And yet it is clear that this novel could not have

been written outside of Canada. There is a passage, which is, incidentally, a good example of Mr. Davies' thoughtful, relaxed style, where certain characteristics of nineteenth-century Canadian architecture are analysed:—

> Now the peculiar quality of this picturesqueness does not lie in a superficial resemblance to the old world; it is, rather, a compound of colonialism, romanticism and sturdy defiance of taste; it is a fascinating and distinguished ugliness which is best observed in the light of Canadian November and December afternoons. This picturesqueness is not widely admired, and examples of it are continually being destroyed, without one voice being raised in their defence. But where they exist, and are appreciated, they suggest a quality which is rather that of Northern Europe—of Scandinavia and pre-revolutionary Russia—than of England or the U.S.A. It is in such houses as these that the characters in the plays of Ibsen had their being; it was in this light, and against these backgrounds of stained wood and etched glass that the people of Tchekov talked away their lives. And, if the Canadian building be old enough, the perceptive eye may see faint ghosts from Pushkin and Lermontov moving through the halls. This is the architecture of a Northern people, upon which the comfort of England and the luxury of the United States have fallen short of their full effect.

Most readers will recognize that Mr. Davies has isolated a peculiar quality of our culture. This novel proves, however, that we have subsequently acquired some more attractive qualities. *Leaven of Malice* is a synthesis of some of the best of them: it has the wit and the intellectual gaiety of our radio drama; it has the urbanity of our best scholarly prose; and it has the detached irony that several critics have discerned as the mark of our national character in its highest reaches.

III. REMAINING MATERIAL — J. M. S. Careless, A. Brady, and Others

The five sections of this final survey of the English-Canadian field are allotted respectively to: (i) Books on Canada, the Land and its People, reviewed by Professor Careless; (ii) Social Studies, reviewed by Professor Brady; (iii) Works in the Humanities; (iv) Miscellaneous Prose; and (v) A Note on Drama. Reviews not otherwise designated are by the Editor.

I

About the only valid generalization to be made regarding the books in this section, on Canada, the Land and its People, is that more of them are bound in red than in any other colour. Apart from this fact, one might note that the list includes a number of works con-

cerned with aspects of Ontario or of the North, very little on the West or Quebec, nothing on the Maritimes, and a substantial remainder that fall in no particular category.

Garden Gateway to Canada, by Neil F. Morrison (Ryerson, x, 344 pp., $5.00), a history of the city of Windsor and Essex County, is a commendable piece of local historical writing: lucid and thorough, and obviously based on an intensive knowledge of the area. It is effectively illustrated, chiefly with old photographs, since the history of Windsor largely falls within the photographic period. But its principal merit lies in its author's sense of pattern. Unlike many another venture in local history, this work does not allow the multitude of small details to obscure the main lines of the community's growth. There are but two notable shortcomings: first, the absence of a large-scale map of Essex, a need not adequately met by the small diagrams in the text, or by the "pictorial" map in the front end paper (which looks as if it had been taken from a cheap tourist folder); second, the lack of any bibliography or references. Why do Canadian authors and publishers so often detract from the permanent value of a book by this omission, on the dubious ground that a few pages of footnotes or bibliography, hidden in decent obscurity at the back, would frighten away the general reader?

On the other side of Ontario, Blodwen Davies' *Ottawa* (McGraw-Hill, vi, 186 pp., $3.95) presents the story of the capital city, again with effective use of photographs and old prints. This is not local history on the level of Mr. Morrison's volume, however. Less than half its pages are devoted to the development of Ottawa before Confederation, and there is very little of the history of the city after this point. The rest of the book largely deals with features of the present-day federal capital—Parliament Hill, the Archives, the National Gallery, and so on. Yet a certain amount of historical anecdote is woven into the descriptions of these places; and if the author's aim was simply to make the modern Ottawa interesting to the visitor, she has succeeded very well. While not quite the "portrait of a capital" that it claims to be, Miss Davies' *Ottawa* is an attractive quick sketch, deftly and lightly done.

A third Ontario city has gained attention this year in *Old Toronto* (E. C. Kyte, ed., Macmillan, xii, 346 pp., $5.00). This is composed of selections from John Ross Robertson's *Landmarks of Toronto*, which first appeared as a long series of historical articles on the city's streets, buildings, and inhabitants, in the Toronto *Evening Telegram*, later to be collected and published in six large volumes between 1894 and 1914. The present work is the second in the Macmillan series of

Pioneer Books, "a series designed to bring back into general circulation some of the most valuable accounts of early life in Canada." The decision to include a volume of selections from the *Landmarks* in this project was a praiseworthy one. The bulky originals—repetitious and badly printed as well as not easily accessible—contain a store of material that should not be neglected, either as data for the scholar or entertaining reading for the amateur. Moreover, as editor, Mr. Kyte deserves every credit for diligent labour in the selecting, condensing, and linking up of a mass of discursive extracts. In the circumstances it seems positively ungracious to be critical. Nevertheless, because the idea was so good, one cannot help wishing that more had been realized from it. The book that has resulted has not much coherence, and perpetuates many of the errors of the hastily written original articles. Its effect is that of a scrap book: a paste-pot collection of interesting snippets, full of good anecdotes, which leaves no very clear impression. Granted the original was very much more scrappy; but surely it was the essential task of the editor to create some sort of synthesis through judicious organization and, above all, through filling in the gaps with his own continuity. As it is, Mr. Kyte's comments often do little to unify, and sometimes their recurrent attacks of archness grow rather wearing. But it would be unfair to end on too harsh a note: one could permit a less important book to be far worse.

Toronto and the surrounding district also provide the material for E. C. Guillet's *Pioneer Inns and Taverns*: I, *Ontario, with Detailed Reference to Metropolitan Toronto and Yonge Street to Penetanguishene* (published by the author, 240 pp., $10.00), the first of three projected volumes on the inns of Upper Canada and those along the main routes of access from Lower Canada and New York State. The book exemplifies all Mr. Guillet's care and concern for gathering in the details of early Ontario development. It is a store of half-forgotten or neglected information on a significant theme in social history. Not the least part of its value lies in the admirable collection of pictures of old hostelries which it contains. At times, however, Mr. Guillet is content merely to list information without digesting it. Long rolls of tavern names appear, for instance, which might better have gone in an appendix. Again, we must deplore the absence of references and a summary of the sources used, which with Mr. Guillet's industry and thoroughness would have been of the greatest value.

Taverns are linked to roads, and this fortunate fact shall be allowed to carry us to the next book under consideration: *Along the Road* by Jessie L. Beattie (Ryerson, viii, 168 pp., $3.75). This is a chronicle

of a child's life in a roadside farmhouse in early twentieth-century Ontario. It deals particularly with "those that came and went" along the road: the pedlars, the gypsies, the tombstone salesman, and many others who stopped for a moment or stayed for months. The episodes narrated generally have sympathetic interest in themselves; but more appealing is the author's sensitive evocation of the placid rural life that existed in the day before the asphalt highway and the automobile. The book hardly has the significance for the social historian that is claimed for it. Yet it is an engaging little work, the kind to pick up in brief leisure moments—in fact, in classic words, to provide the pause that refreshes.

Gold in the Grass (Ryerson, viii, 278 pp., $4.00) is also set in rural Ontario, but in the years since the Second World War. Arthur Leatherbarrow was a partially disabled veteran who turned to the land with little capital or assistance, and by courage, effort, and skill transformed an exhausted farm near Fergus into a shining example of good grassland culture. His story is told by his wife and devoted partner in his efforts, Margaret Leatherbarrow. Her book has the almost inevitable appeal of any narrative of man's endeavours to make the (virtual) wilderness blossom as the rose. Besides this, it is full of information on methods followed in restoring sadly abused land to prosperous production: indeed, perhaps the story sometimes gets lost behind the agricultural treatise. But on the whole even the most urbanized reader will keep his interest throughout, and will understand Mrs. Leatherbarrow's crusading enthusiasm for her husband's farming enterprise.

Another story of lives remade on the land, with the same note of courage, and a still stronger emotional content, is *Apples Don't Just Grow*, by Maida Parlow French (McClelland & Stewart, viii, 226 pp., $3.50). Mrs. French, a widow with three young children, found herself unable to meet the costs of the city living she had always known, and boldly decided to return to the half-ruined homestead of her Loyalist ancestors, near Iroquois, Ontario. Here she strove to rebuild the farmhouse, restore its apple orchards, and shape a new and better life for her children. The result is a truly moving book, written with restraint and simplicity and with grace besides. Moments and scenes come poignantly to life—Christmas Eve in the barn, the fall School Fair, the promise of spring orchards—and all are infused with the author's deep feeling for her family and her land: "*Land that I have loved, you have served us all. You nourished and sustained the pioneers in their time; me and my children in mine. . . . What you have—remains. Nothing dies and not a thing is lost.*"

A smaller and very different type of work on eastern Ontario is *Up and Down the Glens*, by Dorothy Dumbrille (Ryerson, viii, 138 pp., $3.25). This is a description of Glengarry County, and particularly of its Highland Scots background. The material is excellent: it is crammed with anecdote, lovingly gathered, and is well illustrated with pen sketches of Glengarry landmarks. Yet the book does not seem to come alive: it may be that the tour approach ("we come now to a large white house, which is the home of—") leads to an attempt to cover too much detail and thus weakens the general effect. Nevertheless this is a useful record of a Scottish past in Glengarry that is fast disappearing.

Moving eastward to Montreal, we find the one work on this year's list which deals with the province of Quebec. Yet *The Barley and the Stream*, by Merrill Denison (McClelland & Stewart, xvi, 398 pp., $5.00) deals with far more: the history of Canada itself. In recording the story of five generations of Molsons, and the wonderful variety of their enterprises—brewing and distilling, the first steamboats on the St. Lawrence, early railways, hotels and banking, not to mention founding their own church and theological college, or aiding hospitals and McGill University—Mr. Denison makes clear that here may be found strong threads in the weaving of the Canadian national fabric. The Molsons are not only an inherent part of the history of Montreal and Quebec: they were builders of Canada, no less than pioneers on the frontiers of settlement.

All this the author constantly emphasizes in forceful, fluent style. His enthusiasm for his subject and his very facility in handling the language seem at times to lead him to overstatement and oversimplification—as when he avers from the importance of the duties on alcoholic beverages in young Canada that the country "had to drink herself to nationhood." Yet his use of the sweeping statement is much like the brews he celebrates here—gratifying and stimulating taken in moderation, though not to be gulped wholesale. The lack of references, and of some bibliographic report on the qualities of the mass of Molson company records to which he had access, must also restrain the serious student from accepting all he has to say as well-qualified business history. Nevertheless, thanks to Mr. Denison's flair for vivifying and rendering significant the record of a large-scale commercial enterprise, one may say that he has made a stimulating addition to Canadian business studies. He has further related a fascinating story, packed with bonus information on the techniques of producing alcoholic beverages, the link between breweries and steam propulsion, the Canadian temperance movement—and made a disillusioning revela-

tion, that the whiskey our hard-headed pioneer ancestors drank so freely and so often actually had about the potency of fortified wine.

Turning now to the West, we first may note *Prairie Portraits*, by Roy St. George Stubbs (McClelland & Stewart, xi, 176 pp., $3.00), a collection of six short biographies of prominent Canadians who made their career, or much of it, in the prairie West. These include Lord Bennett, Mr. Justice Dysart, F. J. Dixon, and J. W. Dafoe. The last two studies are the best: the sketch of Dixon for the sympathetic picture provided; that of Dafoe for its critical yet balanced appraisal. The others, written about lawyers by a lawyer, largely chronicle cases lost and won. Yet by and large these essays, well constructed and urbane as they are, make a respectable contribution to a field but little cultivated in Canada.

When the Grass was Free, by E. F. Hagell (Ryerson, xii, 128 pp., $3.25) recalls the early days of ranching on the unfenced plains of southern Alberta. It sets down stories such as cattlemen told in bunkhouses or around campfires in the vanished world of the open range. The years themselves seem less significant than the atmosphere conveyed through the author's keen power of description, his own strong memories, and his vigorous illustrations in both black and white and colour. The dialect in which the tales are transcribed sometimes grows a bit tedious; but generally this is a valuable record, and a convincing little book.

The Far West this year is represented by *Mountains, Men and Rivers*, by J. H. Stewart Reid (Ryerson, x, 229 pp., $4.00). The subtitle "British Columbia in Legend and Story" well describes the volume, for it is a popular account of the heroic age in the far western province—the early explorations by land and sea, the fur trade giants, the gold rush era, Confederation, and the coming of railways. There is virtually nothing on the growth of the province after the completion of the C.P.R., but there is information on the provincial highway system of today. One may assume, therefore, that the book is essentially designed for the tourist, who wants both his roads and his romance, but not the dull story of political and economic development. The author's genial foreword—in the established tradition, he says, of making it "possible for the reviewer to write his notice without needing to read the book"—is of singularly little help in this regard, for he confesses that he does not find it easy to state just what his volume is. Therefore this reviewer must make the above deduction, and so inform the author; and further tell him that on this level it is very good, especially as he writes in breezy, attractive fashion, and displays both a wealth of entertaining detail and an infectious en-

thusiasm for his subject. Sometimes, however, the breeze freshens to more than a capful of wind: for example, *must* the Earl of Sandwich be referred to as Captain Cook's "Admiralty boss"?

The next group of four books have to do with the North—though that generic term here must stretch from the Peace River farming frontier of northern Alberta through the Yukon to the Arctic archipelago. *Sodbusters Invade the Peace*, by A. M. Bezanson (Ryerson, vi, 209 pp., $3.95), presents the reminiscences of a Peace River pioneer in the early twentieth century. In fact, Mr. Bezanson claims to have been instrumental in opening up the country. Certainly his narrative, as here recorded—his early journeys through the area, his conviction of its value for settlement, his work of missionizing, and his own establishment of a homestead there—provides a good deal of proof for the contention. The invasion of the Peace was of course a success. But misfortune was Mr. Bezanson's personal lot, as witnessed by the death of his young wife at his new homestead and the failure of the railways to come anywhere near his site. His is a colourful and informative story, yet somehow one senses an unwelcome note of egoism in it. Small wonder, under the circumstances? Nevertheless this is a self-centred tale: there is very little in it about any other sodbuster. Perhaps even another title, making plain that the book was virtually a chapter of autobiography, would have been advisable here.

A book just as autobiographical, but free from egocentricity, is Laura Beatrice Berton's *I Married the Klondike* (Little, Brown, xii, 269 pp., $4.50), the record of Mrs. Berton's life as a schoolteacher, wife, and mother in Dawson City, between 1907 and 1932. The gold rush was fast ebbing away when she arrived, but the boom-town setting and society were still there. These she vividly depicts, and then goes on to describe the steady shrinking of Dawson to a half-forgotten Yukon outpost. Yet a decidedly different flavour remained—formal receptions and costume balls; salted almonds and turkish delight served *de rigueur* at all parties. Through her calm descriptions of hardship and contented family life combined, there runs a compelling feeling for the Klondike: the title is aptly chosen. Robert Service says in introduction, "This is a brave book." We might add it is among the best in this section for the year.

Son of the North, by Charles Camsell (Ryerson, xii, 224 pp., $5.00), is another autobiography, written by one of the most important figures in the development of the Canadian Northwest. Dr. Camsell's whole life is part of the history of the North. Born in 1876 at the remote fur-trade post of Fort Laird, N.W.T., he had before 1900 taught in a mission school on the Mackenzie, taken part in the Klondike gold

rush, and helped explore Great Bear Lake. Then in 1901 he came east to study geology, and found time as well to share in a railway survey through the near North to James Bay. Thereafter came prospecting, appointment to the Canadian Geological Survey, and a long series of pioneering explorations that did much to uncover the mineral resources of Canada from the interior of British Columbia to the Barren Lands. Dr. Camsell virtually ends his book with his appointment as Deputy Minister of Mines in 1920, although in some ways his major career, which would take him on to be Commissioner of the Northwest Territories, was only then beginning. Decidedly, however, there is more than enough for a book in the portion of his life that he has chosen to relate. A satisfying work it is, and an addition of permanent significance to the literature on the North.

Less significant and almost disappointing, is *North of 55°* (Ryerson, 192 pp., $5.00). This is a series of essays on the northern half of Canada, which remains almost unknown to the general public, despite its ever growing significance. The idea of the book is excellent; the essayists are well-qualified authorities, and so is the editor, Clifford Wilson of the *Beaver*. But the work suffers from the allotment of subjects of very unequal importance to chapters of nearly equal length. Hence some of them contain only broad generalities while others are detailed by comparison. As a result, *North of 55°* seems to fall between stools. It could have been either an authoritative handbook on the Arctic and sub-Arctic or a lively set of essays for light reading: instead, it is a mixture of the two. Compare, for example, F. J. Alcock's dry but factual recital of northern mineral resources with P. G. Downes' rather romantic, eloquent (and vague) treatment of northern exploration. However, there is still much valuable information here, the essays are all lucid, and the book is attractively composed and illustrated. A final merit is that it makes clear the great variety of the North in climate, topography, resources, and human use, thus effectively disposing of the old misconception of one drear illimitable waste of ice and cold.

Three other books that may be considered together are *No Thought for Tomorrow*, by Cecilia Jowett (Ryerson, xii, 104 pp., $2.75), *Northward My Calling*, by Mary E. Hope (Ryerson, vi, 170 pp., $3.00), and *Saddlebag Surgeon*, by Robert Tyre (Dent, viii, 261 pp., $3.50). The former two describe the authors' experiences as nurses in northern frontier outposts, the first at Hunta, near Cochrane, Ontario, the second at "Granite Springs," simply "in the North." Both are filled with love for the frontier land and its people; both tell plain tales of courage and hard but deeply rewarding labour. Miss

Hope's book, however, is lit by touches of humour as well, while Miss Jowett's is the less attractive because of a somewhat rambling style. The third work, the biography of Murrough O'Brien, a pioneer country doctor in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, who was still practising in 1954, in his eighty-sixth year, is the largest, most interesting and most important in the group. There is a good deal of social and medical history here, in the career of a man whose life has spanned the settlement and development of the prairie West; and his biographer has made the most of a colourful story. Perhaps the best parts are the passages ostensibly narrated by Dr. O'Brien himself, whether these actually express the subject's noted astringent wit, or whether the author has effectively reproduced its spirit.

The remaining works have no particular classification. There is *Out of the Earth*, by G. B. Langford (University of Toronto Press, xiv, 126 pp., $3.50), a succinct, fully diagrammed, and most helpful description of the Canadian mineral industry for the layman, based on a series of Extension lectures given at the University of Toronto. We may also note *Folk Songs of Canada*, by Edith Fulton Fowke and Richard Johnston (Waterloo Music Company, 198 pp., $4.95) —making the desperate association that this too is a valuable collection of pieces. In all seriousness, however, it is a volume that deserves wide sale and circulation. Not only is it the "first comprehensive collection of Canadian folk songs to appear in book form," but the range of selections is wide and varied and the whole book is most handsomely produced. Here is a work actually worth the much abused but still significant encomium: "It should be in every Canadian home." There is I. Norman Smith's *A Reporter Reports* (Ryerson, x, 145 pp., $3.00), the republication of articles which he wrote for the Ottawa *Journal* between 1944 and 1953. They range from pieces on Mackenzie King to reports on India and Yugoslavia; and though they sometimes seem as ephemeral as the newspaper moment for which they were written, they cannot help but impress with Mr. Smith's clarity of mind, balance, and honest humility—admirable attributes for either journalist or reviewer. And there is *Inside Government House*, as told to Madge Macbeth by Col. H. Willis-O'Connor, A.D.C. to five Governors-General from Byng to Athlone (Ryerson, xi, 164 pp., $4.00). This is rather trivial chit-chat about the great, and is set in a private world with problems beyond the ken of mortal Canadians. Indeed, the Colonel at times grows sensitive on this latter point and explains defensively the civilizing significance of protocol and the political function of a well-arranged dinner. But he seems a likable person; his reminiscences are lightly and pleasantly

presented. And at least in the case of Lord Byng, there is new insight provided into the character of the tenants of Rideau Hall.

Next is E. A. Corbett's *Henry Marshall Tory* (Ryerson, xii, 241 pp., $5.00). Based on Dr. Tory's own papers and written with deep admiration for its subject, this is nevertheless a somewhat routine biography, factual but not interpretative, full of formal quotation, but rather drily "official" in tone. Still, the mere record of Dr. Tory's life as a scientist and statesman of education would inspire interest, a man who seemed to plant universities wherever he walked, and who went on planting them almost up to the day of his death. He shared in the building of the University of British Columbia, brought the University of Alberta into actual existence as its first president, established the Khaki University overseas during the First World War, and thereafter presided over and greatly developed the National Research Council. Nor did he stop here. In so-called retirement, and in his later seventies, he directed the foundation of Carleton College during the Second World War. One thing this book makes plain: the tireless energy and enthusiasm of this exceptional Canadian.

Perhaps exceptional in another way is James Hahn, Canadian industrialist, whose autobiography *For Action* (Clarke, Irwin, xii, 305 pp., $3.50) reveals a personality not usually associated with the stereotype of the industrial magnate, his mind focussed only on production lines and profit curves—how true are these Canadian stereotypes? At any rate, a surprisingly small portion of Major Hahn's book is devoted to his business concerns, and a notably large part to his service in the First World War, his yachting and fishing experiences, his collection of Chinese bronzes, ivory, and jade, his tiger hunts in India, and his reflections on Canada. There are, however, good though general accounts of his share in the enlarging of Canada's industrial capacity; for example, in the direction of the John Inglis Company, which introduced the making of automatic weapons into this country (little is said of the sharp controversy over the Bren gun contracts of 1938) and began the manufacture of marine turbines for the Royal Canadian Navy. The book is diffuse, but not distractingly so, since it simply reflects the varied interests of its author.

We come now to one of the most valuable books of the year, *Canada's Flying Heritage*, by Frank H. Ellis (University of Toronto Press, xvi, 338 pp., $7.95). It is a meticulously detailed account of the early history of aviation in Canada, from first flights, through transatlantic attempts and bush flying, to the eve of the Second World War. It has been compiled by one who was himself a pioneer flyer in the era before 1914. By exhaustive effort, including the writing of

more than 6,000 letters, Mr. Ellis collected data that would soon have been lost forever, and also assembled a photographic record of the highest value. Here is the well-deserved fruit of his labours, a lengthy historical document of lasting significance. The writing in this volume is hardly inspired, but the interest inherent in the material easily carries the reader along. The large and lavish illustrations play an essential part. Above all, this is a fitting monument to a Canadian achievement that bulked far larger in the development of world aviation than is generally realized. The publication of this expensive volume is also an achievement that deserves recognition. In this regard much credit belongs to the University of Toronto Press, which took the initiative in planning publication, and to the Imperial Oil Company, which generously assumed a major portion of the cost.

The last book in this section provides a fitting conclusion, since it is an excellent general assessment of Canada, the land and the people, as they are today. Ernest Watkins, formerly an editor on the staff of the *Economist* and a B.B.C. news commentator, wrote *Prospect of Canada* (Secker & Warburg [British Book Service], xii, 271 pp., $4.25) as a report to a British audience. Undoubtedly this "outside" character gives it some of its value. That is, it escaped both the will to frustration of our native school of pessimists and the bubbling boosterism of the optimist group. At the same time it avoids the superficial judgments, good or bad, of many previous British travellers' accounts, whose pontifications across the years were probably one of the most oppressive burdens of Empire that the colonials had to bear.

Mr. Watkins evidently came prepared to learn about Canada, and he has done so. His book penetrates; he sets forth the credits and debits dispassionately; he describes effectively and explains with admirable competence. Of course, there are errors. Why does he think that London, Ontario, is the annual meeting place of all our learned societies? Whence came the belief that there are no sponsored broadcasts of news in Canada—or is this a delicate distinction in favour of the C.B.C.? Then there are points of interpretation that some might call errors: for example, his masterly denigration of Toronto, the "vast transit camp," whose social centre is the super-market, and whose total is less than the sum of its parts.

There is little need to go over the various aspects of Canadian economic, cultural, and political life covered in *Prospect of Canada*. Indeed, there is not much that is new to Canadian readers in the facts it presents. But the happy combination of fresh perspectives, careful consideration, and felicitous style make this book well worth the reading. One last word: we may treat it here under "Letters in Canada"

since Mr. Watkins has decided to settle in this country—having, no doubt, convinced himself of the prospect.

II

In this annual survey of SOCIAL STUDIES the volumes on history are usually more numerous than those on economics, sociology, and political science, and such is the case in the present year. Among the histories there is no broad and synthetic work on a grand scale, although one extended essay, Arthur Lower's *This Most Famous Stream*, clearly stands out by its bold, interpretative quality. The rest are mainly highly specialized monographs, or original sources not hitherto printed. Two such monographs are Richard Arthur Preston's *Gorges of Plymouth Fort* (University of Toronto Press, x, 495 pp., $7.50), and H. M. Jackson's *Rogers' Rangers* (privately printed for the author, 214 pp., $3.00).

Professor Preston's *Gorges of Plymouth Fort* does not deal strictly with Canadian history. Sir Ferdinando Gorges in the early seventeenth century was Captain of Plymouth Fort, Governor of New England, and Lord of the Province of Maine. For all his grand titles he was not a man of first-class importance, but his long career is not without some interest for the light it throws on the history of the time. One cannot deny his remarkable versatility. He was a trader, a sailor, a privateer, a ship-designer, a courtier, a country gentleman, a justice of the peace, and a zealous colonizer. Over many years he strove to settle New England, and the author asserts that "it was Gorges, more than any other man, whose contagious enthusiasm for overseas settlement kept interest alive from the days of Elizabeth to the time of Charles I." This is the work of a mature and careful scholar.

Lieutenant Colonel Jackson's account of Rogers' Rangers, a famous unit which won renown in the Seven Years' War, is a carefully documented story by an experienced military historian. It begins naturally with Robert Rogers, from whom the company of scouts derived its name. Rogers was a rugged representative of the eighteenth-century frontier, a born leader of men, and a master in the arts of forest warfare. Then follows a detailed description of tactics, battles, and campaigns, illustrated with a contemporary map from the Survey of William Brassier, 1762. Some additional fragments of information are included in notes and appendices, but unfortunately the book lacks an index.

A set of military annals much wider in interest and greater in importance is *Canada's Soldiers, 1604–1954: The Military History of*

an Unmilitary People, by George F. G. Stanley (Macmillan, xvi, 401 pp., $6.50). The author, Professor of History in the Royal Military College of Canada, attempts to provide what has hitherto been wanting, a general account of Canadian military activity from the founding of Quebec to the present. He makes no pretence that it is the result of intensive research, although it is based partly on documentary sources. In its writing he was aided in particular by Lieutenant Colonel Jackson, Director of War Service Records in the Department of Veterans Affairs and author of the book mentioned above. Captain C. C. J. Bond contributed maps invaluable to a reader. The narrative moves along in clear and easy prose, and the author's comprehensive knowledge of general history and historical geography adds to its quality, for military exploits are here placed as they should be in the setting of a community's evolution. The reviewer is not competent to assess the book's treatment of the more technical aspects of campaigns, and the experts will doubtless wrangle over its details. But at least Mr. Stanley has succeeded in a task that might well appal the boldest of authors, namely the weaving of an intelligible and readable story out of exploits in war extending from the time when New France was trembling on the verge of disaster under the fierce assaults of the Iroquois to the fighting of a special Canadian force in Korea, 1950–3.

Sir Edmund Head: A Scholarly Governor, by D. G. G. Kerr, assisted by J. A. Gibson (University of Toronto Press, xii, 259 pp., $5.00) traces the career of a colonial administrator of the nineteenth century, who served as Lieutenant-Governor in New Brunswick 1848–54, and then succeeded Lord Elgin as Governor-General of Canada, 1854–61. Head as a man was able and very erudite, a one-time Fellow and tutor of Merton College, Oxford, a brilliant linguist who was among the first to translate the Icelandic sagas into English, and a writer on literature and art. He came to British North America when the principle of responsible government had already been accepted by the Home Government and when consequently the importance of a governor's role was diminishing and that of politicians increasing. But it is abundantly clear from the present work, based on patient documentary research, that the acceptance of the principle was no more than a mere beginning in the evolution of self-rule. Head found in the New Brunswick of 1848 no organized and disciplined parties. Indeed some influential citizens were disposed to view parties as malevolent creatures which the colony would be fortunate to escape. Hence upon Head himself fell the burden of choosing individual personalities for a ministry rather than accepting simply the leaders of a triumphant party. Here again, as later in the Canadas, he displayed

skill, although he was sometimes hampered by excessive caution and rigid personal prejudices. This is a scholarly biography, but we can hardly say that it makes an important contribution to Canadian history. It establishes no case that Head, undoubtedly competent, exerted any really decisive influence on the course of major events.

Three volumes within the year bring out rich historical source-material. A lively and appealing document is rescued from obscurity in W. Stewart Wallace's edition of Edward Umfreville's *The Present State of Hudson's Bay* (Ryerson, xvi, 122 pp., $10.00), which appears as volume V of the Canadian Historical Studies series. Umfreville had experience both in the area of Hudson Bay and in the Saskatchewan River part of the Northwest, working first for the Hudson's Bay Company, and later for the North West Company. Although, as the editor points out, his description of the fur trade merely supplements two fuller documents published earlier in the eighteenth century, and tantalizingly fails to answer many of the important questions about the beginnings of the North West Company, yet his book is important in the early literature of this country. It is a collection of papers. One of these is on the Hudson Bay area, with a description of the region and the coast Indians, and with facts about, and severe reflections on, the Hudson's Bay Company. Then follow two brief reports on the taking of York Factory and Fort Prince of Wales by Admiral La Pérouse in 1782, the only known English version of these incidents. A third section gives valuable information on the Indians in the north-west and the character of the land itself, with observations, again in stern accents, on the "Canadian" (North West Company) trade; and the book concludes with a few perfunctory entries on a journey from Montreal to New York in 1788. Most of the introduction is given to collected or shrewdly inferred biographical and genealogical data, and the editor regrets that Umfreville "is much more concerned in holding the Hudson's Bay Company up to scorn than he is in giving us a full and veracious account of his experiences in North America." Since this book should have a wide appeal, it is regrettable that the anti-monopoly views of Umfreville could not have been set out in their context for the general reader, and his arguments assessed at more length.

"Those who have hitherto resided here," wrote Umfreville, "have been too much actuated by the impetuous desire of accumulating wealth, to allot a small portion of their time to the advancement of useful knowledge." Although his biography testifies to his competence in the fur trade, Umfreville's book is also evidence of his own primary concern with useful knowledge, and indeed with the unutilitarian de-

lights of an artist. While it is true that a personal narrative might have provided more material for historians in the twentieth century, the detached, highly individual, wide-ranging and sympathetic observations of Umfreville bring the northland of the late eighteenth century into clear view. If he did not fully exploit his narrative powers, we have at least the vivid story of the three men on a drifting floe ("While they sat weeping by the corps, a seal came upon the ice; it did not meddle with the body [of one of the three], but looked very steadfastly on them; Tomson desired Ross to shoot it, but he refused, saying, 'I myself may soon be dead' ").

One of Umfreville's charges against the Hudson's Bay Company (1790) was that it neglected magnificent opportunities to explore and develop Arctic America. Systematic exploration waited until 1818, to quote the Introduction by J. M. Wordie and R. J. Cyriax to *John Rae's Correspondence with the Hudson's Bay Company on Arctic Exploration 1844–1855*, edited by E. E. Rich assisted by A. M. Johnson (London, Hudson's Bay Record Society, 1953, cvii, 401, xiv, pp.). Even then the initiative was taken by the British Admiralty, not the Company. The voyages of Rae's predecessors, and the way his undertakings complemented their work, are briefly narrated here, and the background is provided so that the reader can follow the various searches for Sir John Franklin's doomed expedition. In 1846–7, under the sponsorship of the Hudson's Bay Company, John Rae undertook to establish whether Boothia was a peninsula or an island, and his competence commanded such respect that the Admiralty borrowed his services when Richardson's search for Franklin was undertaken in 1848. For an interval he was reabsorbed into the fur trade, as Chief Factor for the Mackenzie River district, and his correspondence during this period gives so lively a description of the fur trade and its problems that one regrets the necessary omission of much of this material as not bearing on the theme of the volume, his Arctic exploration. In 1851 Rae was again under the Admiralty, searching for the Franklin expedition, whose doom was suspected when he brought back fragments of timbers, although these were never definitely identified as parts of the missing ships. The Founder's Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society was presented to Rae on his return to Great Britain in 1852–3; and the address records that "he set out accompanied by two men only, and, trusting solely for shelter to snow-houses, which he taught his men to build, accomplished a distance of 1061 miles in 39 days, or 27 miles per day including stoppages—a feat which has never been equalled in Arctic travelling." The intervening century has sustained this tribute. The

scope of Rae's explorations, and his remarkable skill and endurance, are forcibly brought home by his own long report printed in the Introduction, giving figures for distances travelled, weights carried, and the cost of his various expeditions. The final expedition covered by this correspondence was projected in 1853–4, under the sponsorship of the Hudson's Bay Company, as a survey of the coast of King William Land. It was then that Rae met the Eskimos with stories of Franklin's fate and with the relics that were conclusive evidence of their truth.

Rae's letters convey the unbounded zeal and confidence that carried him and his small parties safely through the grim ordeals of Arctic exploration. His medical training, his skill as a sportsman, his shrewd judgment of men, all contributed to equip him for this work, and when he felt the need for fuller training as a surveyor, a geologist, a botanist, he tackled these subjects with industry and a light heart.

Another valuable collection of documents, *The Walker Expedition to Quebec, 1711*, edited by Gerald S. Graham (Toronto, Champlain Society, xx, 441 pp.) makes available, not only Walker's own version of this expedition, but also many reflections by others who participated with him, and relevant instructions, correspondence and comments from official British records of the time. The editor describes the St. Lawrence shoals and channels where shipwreck put an end to the attempt on Quebec, and in his engaging introduction he sketches in the political background, the history of navigation on the river, the characters who appear later in the various narratives, and a summary of what happened, but judiciously avoids any final verdict. "Perhaps the fairest conclusion is, that nothing we know about Walker's career would seem to justify his appointment to high command." This restraint all the more invites one to ponder on the event and speculate on subsequent history if it had pleased God, in the words of Queen Anne's instructions, "to putt us into the quiet possession of our ancient country of Canada." Almost every document in the collection testifies to the self-assertive temper already apparent in the American colonies. There is a repeated inference that New England pressed for the attack on Quebec, and at the same time grudged any proportionate sacrifices for it, but this is balanced by American statements defending the position of the colonies. Were the difficulties of Walker in procuring supplies for his expedition attributable to colonial self-interest or to a wrong appraisal in Britain of colonial resources? Could well-informed planning and better "public relations" have obviated the dearth of river pilots, or was this problem merely further evidence of American disaffection ("There is nothing so suprizing to me, as that when the Queen's service requires it, the Pilots . . . get out of the way and abscond . . . the People live here as when there was no King in Israel,

but every one does what seems right in his own Eyes")? Would a different admiral have risked the attack on Placentia, if Quebec had to be abandoned? Indeed, judging Walker only from the fussy and defensive tone of his writings, was he not the very man to invite a run of bad luck? In addition to throwing some light on American social history and British political history, this volume is an intriguing study of failure, and an invitation to the idle if engaging pleasures of historical speculation.

W. Stewart Wallace calls *The Pedlars from Quebec* (Toronto, Ryerson, xii, 101 pp., $3.50) a "series of postscripts" to his volume in the Champlain Society collection, *Documents relating to the North West Company* (1934). The eleven essays here printed continue the meticulous filling in of blanks in Canadian history, for which the author is noted. Apart from the value of its data, the book illustrates the kind of sleuthing that often establishes the basis for historical study, and also conveys the relish with which it is accomplished.

The work of the historians may well be concluded with comment on the general and synthetic work mentioned above. *This Most Famous Stream*, by Arthur R. M. Lower (Ryerson, xii, 193 pp., $3.50) is a ruminating essay by a scholar deeply interested in ideas. Professor Lower, from a ripe knowledge of the English-speaking world, takes a close look at the liberal democratic way of life. Wisely, he is not content to dwell on its contemporary phases, but traces it back to its roots, and finds them mainly in the effects of Christianity on man and culture in western Europe. Varied factors have determined why some European nations have acquired this way of life and made it their own, while others have not. He has excellent things to say on this matter, and supports them with homely illustrations. He traces briefly the development of constitutional liberty in England as a product of the medieval struggle against the Crown, the delayed growth of such liberty in France, the significance of the common law in the structure of our liberties, the explosive influences of the Reformation, and the constitutional triumphs of the seventeenth century. What happened in the seventeenth century was crucial in the development of modern liberal democracy, crucial for the Americans no less than for the British. Professor Lower sketches the working out in Britain and the Empire of the cardinal ideas that triumphed then, and on this theme also his pages are rewarding. Seldom have the general significance of the American Revolution and the comparative features of British and American institutions been put so well in so few words.

In a little book which attempts so bold a sweep there are inevitably generalizations that many will challenge. It seems, for example, an

excessive simplification to say that "the medieval church, by making its value system universal, had virtually removed that dichotomy between spiritual and secular which the rise of Christianity had previously projected into life." But while one may have reservations here and there about the validity of the interpretation, they are not of major consequence, for as a whole the book is an excellent attempt to explain the foundations of liberal democracy in the English-speaking world.

One cannot feel so confident about another brief book. Perhaps certain readers will glean something from *Each Age is a Dream: A Study in Ideologies* by L. H. Garstin (Ryerson, 1953, xii, 143 pp., $2.75). The Foreword sets forth an ambitious project, "to produce a unified theory of ideologies." Most people would sympathize with the two apparent drives behind this essay: a desire to see our own society objectively, and to predict its future course. But eschewing values is no equivalent of the first, and making up a rule-book out of the fashionable generalizations of historians hardly satisfies the second.

In political science, a field closely allied to history, there are two books which deserve comment. *Social Credit and the Federal Power in Canada*, by Professor J. R. Mallory (Social Credit in Alberta series, vol. 5; University of Toronto Press, xiv, 204 pp., $5.00) is a brief but illuminating work on certain aspects of federalism in the thirties. Its main theme is the exercise by the Government at Ottawa of the power to disallow provincial acts. It traces and explains the use of this power since 1867, and examines in some detail the disallowance of the statutes enacted by the legislature of Alberta to establish social credit and to reduce the private and public indebtedness of the province. Professor Mallory emphasizes that the disallowance power has been invoked mainly against the legislation of the Western provinces, and this fact he explains by reference to two main considerations. First, the Government in Ottawa was concerned to enforce its national policy, framed under the sway of interests in Ontario and Quebec, and the principal challenge to this policy came from provinces in the West. Thus Sir John A. Macdonald was prompt to disallow the acts of Manitoba that threatened to interfere with the transportation monopoly guaranteed to the Canadian Pacific Railway. After 1896 and down to the thirties of the present century there was on the whole less reason to resort to disallowance on this account, because of the greater prosperity of the West. A second use of the disallowance power was in those cases where an Imperial interest or an Imperial treaty was involved. Between 1896 and 1913, for example, out of 29 acts

disallowed, 19 were acts in British Columbia discriminating against Orientals.

Professor Mallory does more than examine afresh the place of the disallowance power. He throws light upon the relation of the distribution of legislative power to economic development, and here his analysis might be viewed as a useful 1954 appendix to the Sirois Report. He also discusses the place of a third party, such as Social Credit, in the federal state, but his treatment of this matter is too brief to add much to present knowledge.

Canadian Municipal Government, by K. Grant Crawford (University of Toronto Press, xiv, 407 pp., $7.50) is a general analysis of the municipal systems in the ten Canadian provinces. It begins with a quotation from de Tocqueville: "Municipal institutions constitute the strength of free nations." One cannot help asking how far this dictum of nineteenth-century liberal thought is applicable to a society that is being increasingly centralized, economically and politically, by the forces of industrialism. Professor Crawford, who combines much practical experience in municipal administration with academic learning, does not attempt to deal directly with this broad, but for modern democracy very critical question. In his careful analysis, however, he gives abundant information contributory towards an answer. In any case he has done a service in providing within the covers of a single volume an informative survey of municipal institutions in contemporary Canada, embracing structure, functions, and finance. His emphasis is complementary to that in Horace L. Brittain's *Local Government in Canada* (Toronto, 1951).

Of the two works in economics which demand our attention, the first, *International Cycles and Canada's Balance of Payments, 1921–1933*, by Vernon W. Malach (University of Toronto Press, xii, 154 pp., $3.00) inaugurates the series of Canadian Studies in Economics, sponsored by the Canadian Social Science Research Council and edited by Vincent W. Bladen. The author examines a number of theories purporting to explain the international transmission of business cycles and the corresponding movement of items in the balance of payments, as suggested by Canadian experience in the period 1921–1933. To support his analysis he presents a useful set of new monthly estimates of the items in the Canadian balance of payments for the years covered. The text, occupying less than half of the volume, is written in a terse and synoptic style.

The Canadian experience, as here presented in statistical form, appears to deny the hypothesis that, in countries which export a large proportion of their national product, cyclical changes will always

occur later and be of greater magnitude than in the principal countries to which they export. It is contended that changes in the level of Canadian economic activity cannot be accounted for in terms of any one business cycle theory. Purely monetary, psychological, and overconsumption theories are uniformly inapplicable, while theories stressing changes in the "real" demand for resources, arising from exports and domestic capital construction, are uniformly relevant. This vindication of the Keynesian position is supplemented by the dictum that "income fluctuations were more important in determining the commodity trade flows than price changes."

Economics of Canadian Transportation, by A. W. Currie (University of Toronto Press, vii, 727 pp., $10.00), is an impressive survey in twenty-two chapters and with almost one hundred pages of footnotes. It is promptly to be put alongside another and earlier volume, no less portly, upon the same subject, the late Professor W. T. Jackman's *Economic Principles of Transportation* (Toronto, 1935). But Dr. Currie has had the task of coping in particular with the quickened speed of change in transport techniques, economic conditions, and public policies since 1939. His book, moreover, attempts a wider range of investigation than the earlier volume of W. T. Jackman, for it embraces aviation, the growing influence of the automobile, a fresh assessment of the relation between inland shipping and railways, and a brief treatment of ocean shipping and the Canadian interest. A calm and dispassionate spirit pervades the whole analysis, and no special axes are ground.

It is not unfitting to conclude this survey of social studies with a collection of essays on *Canada's Tomorrow*, edited by Chancellor G. P. Gilmour of McMaster University (Macmillan, xii, 324 pp., $3.50). The essays are in fact papers read at a conference sponsored by the Canadian Westinghouse Company. The contributors include a few men engaged in business as well as university teachers and administrators. To obtain an outsider's objective assessment of Canada in the light of discussions at the conference, Professor Denis Brogan of Cambridge was invited to participate, and the final paper in the book consists of his genial and sometimes perceptive impressions. Inevitably those who were expected to discuss Canada's future actually in the main discussed its past and present. For nearly all the subjects on the agenda it was impossible to devise even a modest projection curve of future development, and what we get is less a series of prophecies than one more symposium on contemporary Canada, of which there have been many in the last decade. We need not complain of this circumstance, but in view of the book's title it should be noted.

In most of the ten chapters one may glean facts and opinions of interest on the growth of population, natural resources, industry, government, education, culture, and external relations, with suggestive comments as well as some ancient platitudes from a variety of people in the "Digest of Discussion." Much of the analysis is of the stock-taking kind, which is something to be welcomed. Naturally enough, the participants in the conference were specially absorbed in the evident problems of Canada's growth and what it implies. Growth as affected by the proximity of the United States was the concern of most. Few present would be likely to deny the force of the late B. K. Sandwell's comment that "Canada, if not the tail, is a part of the North American animal and must share its blood-stream." In terms of economics the comment is specially relevant, but some participants were less convinced that Canada had to share fully the political and cultural blood-stream of its neighbour. What indeed would Canada signify as a nation if it did? This question, more often implicit in the discussions than explicit, was given no final answer. The outside witness, Denis Brogan, made a suggestion, certainly not new but pertinent in the context, that one way of giving the concept of a Canadian nation a positive content would be to foster the "specifically Canadian aspects of North American culture and . . . the double culture of Canada in the sense of making the two great cultural groups far more conscious of what each other stands for and what each group has to give and to receive." This, he seemed to think, might prove for some Canadians at least a hard saying. *Canada's Tomorrow* is not a great book on modern Canada, but it does raise a few of the great questions.

III

As is almost inevitable, and of course entirely proper, works of scholarship and criticism in the HUMANITIES show no such concentration on the Canadian scene as do those reviewed above in History and the Social Sciences.

We may commence with books by two distinguished scholars who, in their different ways, did much for classical studies in Canada, and after retirement continued working in their chosen fields: Professor Norman DeWitt, and the late Professor Gilbert Norwood, whose death in 1954 must be matter of sad record in these pages.

The following notice of Professor Norman W. DeWitt's *Epicurus and his Philosophy* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press [Thomas Allen], viii, 388 pp., $6.50) and his *St. Paul and Epicurus* (Ryerson, viii, 201 pp., $4.00) has been supplied by Professor T. A. Goudge.

There can be little doubt that Epicurus is one of the most underrated thinkers of the ancient world. Not only have his ideas commanded far less attention than those of Plato and Aristotle, but even when they have been treated it has been too often in a hostile spirit. Professor DeWitt seeks to rectify this situation. *Epicurus and his Philosophy* is a comprehensive and sympathetic study of the man and his work. Its opening chapters present the most complete account available in English of the life of Epicurus. The surviving biographical data are arranged in a manner which throws light on the personality of the thinker and the development of his thought. In the middle chapters a detailed exposition is given of the Epicurean epistemology (the Canon), physics, and ethics. Here a number of alleged misconceptions are dealt with and corrected. Thus in opposition to the popular view that Epicurus was mainly opposed to Stoicism, it is affirmed that his real opponents were the Platonists and the Sceptics. Against those who contend that he was an empiricist and an egotistic hedonist, it is declared that he espoused a doctrine of "innate ideas" and advocated universalistic or altruistic hedonism. Those who believe that he was an enemy of all religious conceptions are told that he regarded some form of religion as indispensable. Indeed, one of Professor DeWitt's objectives is to show that the Epicurean moral teaching paved the way for, and profoundly influenced, the growth of Christianity. This teaching is represented as "a bridge of transition from the classical philosophies of Greece to the Christian religion."

Such a thesis obviously requires more than a casual argument to support it. Professor DeWitt has therefore written *St. Paul and Epicurus*, wherein he seeks to show that the Pauline Epistles are built upon the Epicurean ethic. "The merit of this ethic was so superior and so widely acknowledged that Paul had no alternative but to adopt it and bless it with the new sanction of religion, though to admit his indebtedness to the alleged atheist and sensualist was inconceivable. . . . Once this screen of anonymity has been penetrated, we shall find that the most beloved devotional readings in the Epistles of Paul exhibit the greatest influence of the friendly Epicurus." In support of this interpretation, the author investigates a number of passages in eight of the Epistles. Both the mode of expression and the doctrinal content are scrutinized with a view to gleaning favourable evidence. More than seventy of the passages are deemed to be inadequately rendered by both the King James and the Revised Standard Versions. Professor DeWitt accordingly offers his own explanation or translation of these passages. In each case, as might be expected, his revision serves to support the general thesis for which he is arguing.

It is quite clear from both books that Professor DeWitt is an enthusiast for Epicurus. This fact makes them entertaining reading, since the author rarely misses an opportunity to go out on a limb in his interpretations and criticisms. On the other hand, there are many occasions when one feels that enthusiasm has carried the author well beyond the end of any limb, especially in *St. Paul and Epicurus*. How cogent, for example, is such an argument as the following (p. 59)? "When Paul writes [in Galatians 4:10]: 'You observe days, and months, and seasons, and years,' these words can be explained in terms of the last will and testament of Epicurus. In this document, which is extant, the philosopher enjoins upon his followers the regular observance of a number of festivals, ceremonies and anniversaries." Again, of the verse in I Corinthians which begins: "When I was a child, I spake as a child . . .," Professor DeWitt says (pp. 154–5): "If by this time we have achieved willingness to sacrifice an exquisite specimen of simple diction for the sake of the real meaning, verse 11 may be paraphrased as follows: 'When I was a sophomore, I used to indulge in reckless talk, the way sophomores do; I used to entertain wild ideas, the way sophomores do; I used to startle people with smart arguments, the way sophomores do. When I became a real adult person, I made an end of such antics.' The reference, overt to ancient readers though covert to us, is to the Epicureans." Is this a paraphrase or a parody?

In *Epicurus and his Philosophy* there are certain formulations and assertions which will trouble students trained to make philosophical distinctions. It is doubtful whether the Epicurean *prolepsis* should be connected with the seventeenth-century doctrine of innate ideas. It is incorrect to say that the "swerve" of the atoms postulated by Epicurus is "inherent" in them (p. 169), or that the atoms are "capable of veering ever so slightly from the straight line" (p. 165). To speak thus is to imply that it is part of the "nature" of the atoms to swerve, whereas (as Bailey has pointed out) the swerving is a purely contingent or fortuitous event, a breach in causal laws which otherwise are universal in scope. When Professor DeWitt affirms that "Epicurus is not an empiricist" what he means is "not an empiricist in the sense of Locke, Berkeley and Hume." That is to say, Epicurus apparently did not hold that all conceptions *originated* in sense-experience. He did apparently hold that the *truth* of our conceptions can only be established by *testing* them in terms of sense-experience, and in this the widespread school of contemporary empiricism would fully agree with him. When Professor DeWitt remarks that for Epicurus "the status of sensations is that of witnesses in court and is limited to con-

firming or not confirming the truth of a given proposition" (p. 26), he is enunciating a principle which many persons who call themselves "empiricists" today would fully accept. If he had taken account of this, I think Professor DeWitt would not have been led to conclude that since Epicurus rejected the doctrine of *tabula rasa*, "he was something of an intuitionist and his concept of innate ideas was incompatible with empiricism" (p. 356).

Professor G. M. A. Grube has written the review of *Essays on Euripidean Drama*, by Gilbert Norwood (California, Cambridge and Toronto University Presses, x, 197 pp., $5.00).

Gilbert Norwood was a lifelong student of Euripides. Apart from some translations and various articles, he edited the *Andromache* in 1906 and published three major works on the poet: *The Riddle of the Bacchae* in 1908, *Greek Tragedy*, now in its fourth edition, in 1920, and *Euripides and Shaw* in 1921. The present work, which appeared posthumously, is therefore the result of many years of intimate enjoyment; it contains three full-length studies, on the *Bacchae*, the *Hippolytus*, and the *Supplices*, preceded by a valuable introductory chapter, "Towards Understanding Euripides."

In his earlier works Norwood, as is well known, pretty consistently followed the late A. W. Verrall's theory that wherever Euripides brought in the Olympian gods he intended to expose them as shams, and that his plays are full of sly hints to this effect which the more sophisticated among his audience are intended to appreciate with relish. This theory is here given up, at least as a consistent method of interpretation. That it might be useful at times most students of Euripides would be ready to admit, for he wrote many different kinds of drama in many different moods.

It is largely this versatility and the difficulties of interpretation which it causes that are emphasized in the more general essay. Norwood rightly points out that it is useless to try to tie down Euripides to any Aristotelian or later theories of tragedy, that he was essentially an experimenter, and that experiments, even in the hands of genius, do not always succeed. He deprecates the modern tendency to relate Greek tragedies too closely to contemporary events, and insists that Euripides should be judged on his own terms, whether he is writing a great tragedy, a romance, a tragicomedy or a melodrama. The incidental but revealing references to other plays, the frank recognition of faults as the critic sees them, the sympathetic consideration of dramatic features too often condemned, and a new emphasis on some of the poet's less recognized characteristics, such as his "sardonic pi-

quancy"—all contribute to making this first chapter an important contribution to Euripidean studies.

The themes of the special essays can here be only briefly noted. Norwood continued to believe that the palace scene is a riddle in the *Bacchae*, but he now gives a more acceptable solution of it. Admitting that Dionysus is the god throughout the play, he sees the power of that god made manifest, not by the destruction of the palace but by "glamour," that is by his ability so to dominate the minds of the chorus as to make them "see" that destruction, as he is later to dominate the mind of Pentheus. In the *Hippolytus* essay, the direct relevance of Aphrodite and Artemis as goddesses to the drama is recognized, but there is still a tendency to consider the divine and the human as two levels of action, instead of two aspects of the same reality. The chapter on the *Supplices* is the longest in the book, and the almost insoluble problems presented by our text are clearly set forth. Norwood then suggests that what we possess is a second century A.D. conflation of two plays, one by Euripides and the other probably by Moschion. Startling though it is, this suggestion deserves the most serious consideration even by those who may not be able to follow its author in some of his more detailed and imaginative criticisms.

Gilbert Norwood's writings, and these essays among them, were always full of zest and vigour. Like his favourite dramatist, he shocked the more sedate by a certain puckishness and "sardonic piquancy" which he brought into academic writings as Euripides brought them upon the tragic stage. All students of Greek tragedy will be very grateful that, in spite of long days of illness, he was able, to our great benefit, to complete these studies and to give us his last thoughts on the most puzzling literary giant of antiquity.

Professor Grube has also supplied the notice of *Arbiter of Elegance: A Study of the Life and Works of C. Petronius*, by Gilbert Bagnani (University of Toronto Press, xii, 91 pp., $2.75).

This little book is a valuable contribution to Petronian studies. Lucid, logical, and well constructed, it reviews complicated evidence in a surprisingly readable way, thus proving what so few scholars seem to realize, that a subject may be dry but that a critic need never be dull. Throughout, Professor Bagnani keeps clearly before his readers the difference between a convincing proof, a compelling probability, and an interesting possibility where there is insufficient evidence for more.

The first chapter deals with the probable date of the *Satiricon*. Wisely discarding arguments from allusions which can be variously interpreted, and circular argumentation of every kind, the author

brings in his evidence gradually: he first establishes *termini ad quem* and *a quo*, namely 558 and 212 A.D.; this dating he then reduces to 58 and 118, and finally, after investigating the probable date of the Lex Petronia de Servis independently, he makes 60 A.D. by far the most probable date. The authorship of Petronius Arbiter follows.

The second chapter denies the Senecan authorship of the *Ludus de Morte Claudii*, which, we are reminded, there is no reason to identify with the *Apokolokyntosis* mentioned by Dio Cassius. Here the argument is mainly political: that, if written in 54 A.D. as it almost certainly was, the *Ludus* was not the kind of thing that Seneca could or would have written. This argument from life is most ably carried through. The suggestion is then made that Petronius was by far the most probable author.

The third and last chapter, "Gay Petronius," attempts a short but vivid biographical description of the Arbiter. Here the author admittedly goes beyond his evidence but never against it, in his partly conjectural account of ancestry and family background and in his sketch of a fascinating career. Here and elsewhere we get many a vivid glimpse into life in Neronian Rome.

Professor Bagnani's work has already been flatteringly welcomed by specialists on the subject. Classical scholars and students generally will be grateful to him for his lucid exposition of a complicated subject, for his convincing solutions, and for the many enjoyable qualities of his presentation.

Professor Cecil Lewis has furnished short notes on Professor Barker Fairley's *Heinrich Heine: An Interpretation* (Clarendon Press [Oxford], 150 pp., $3.00) and his *Goethe: Selected Poems* (Heinemann [British Book Service], xxviii, 221 pp., $1.45).

Professor Fairley traces the occurrence in Heine's works of seven categories of what he calls image or theme or motif. The chapters are headed "Song within Song," "Music and Dance," "Chorus and Procession," "Theatre and Ceremony," "Carnival and Costume," "Animals," "Heaven and Hell." He quotes scores of such images to show, quite successfully, that they pervade the writings in both verse and prose, including letters. They range from extended theme to passing metaphor or simile and thus come from the deeper levels in the poet. Since only the early and famous *Buch der Lieder* shows few of them, the author is probably justified in claiming that Lieder were not a natural expression of the poet's genius.

Professor Fairley has offered a quite striking demonstration of Heine's rootedness in imagery, and his book, lavish in quotation, is a sort of magazine of the poet's wit and whimsy. He asks in his last chapter whether the imagery does not offer the best key to the thought.

The question is the more surprising because, only a few pages previously, he writes that *Ludwig Börne*, "a notoriously wayward book," lacks "design, continuity, structure, a coherent view or vision." Very true, yet this book is especially abundant in Professor Fairley's categories. A more tenable conclusion would seem to be that, despite its entertainment value, the imagery could degenerate into a stylistic mannerism which obscured the writer's meaning.

The *Goethe* is a very good choice of poems. All the best known are included, and in addition Goethe's late volume of lyrics, *West-östlicher Divan*, deservedly receives more generous treatment than is usual in volumes of this size. In an introduction of some seventeen pages Professor Fairley writes well on Goethe's range and varying styles. The poems are arranged in three chronological divisions within which, however, the order of dates is not strictly observed. The notes, nine pages of them, are so fragmentary that it is difficult to picture the kind of reader to whom they might be helpful. As the Editor admits, the careful reader will in any case have to use the notes to Boyd's edition. Nine additional pages of poems might have been more valuable.

Mr. T. B. Barclay has supplied the information for a note on *Lira Española: Representative Spanish Lyric Poets*, selected and edited by Diego Marin (privately printed by offset process, x, 377 pp., $2.75). The book is designed especially for class-room use. Arranged chronologically, and commencing with ballads of the fifteenth century, the selections extend to the poetry of the present day. They are admirably adapted to a general survey of the history of Spanish poetry, but are sufficiently ample to provide for a more detailed study of particular periods and chosen poets. The general introduction summarizes the essentials of Spanish prosody; the introductions to the selections from each poet are designed to bring out the character of his work and of his intellectual background; and there are critical annotations on the individual poems.

Professor H. S. Wilson has written the following review of *Poetry & Dogma*, by Malcolm Mackenzie Ross (New Brunswick, N.J., Rutgers University Press; University of Toronto Press, xiv, 256 pp., $5.00).

This thoughtful study traces the effects upon English poetry in the earlier seventeenth century of certain modifications of dogma concerning the Eucharist, with particular reference to the imagery and symbolism that occur in the Christian poetry of the period. By studying the history of the Catholic ritual of the Eucharist and its various modifications at the hands of Luther, Zwingli, and Calvin, the author discovers a growing tension, within the Anglican communion, between

what he terms the sacramentalism deriving from Catholic tradition, the pseudo-sacramentalism of Luther, and the anti-sacramentalism of the extreme Puritans. The Elizabethan Settlement, from the point of view of Eucharistic dogma, by its very nature as a *via media* between Catholicism on the one hand and Puritanism on the other, produces for Anglicanism, he maintains (p. 67), a dilemma which is in turn reflected by the English poets: "If we are able to dismiss from our minds the illusion of a neat and quiet *via media*, if we are able to recognize the tortured compulsive motion of Anglicanism, we may have to regard Milton's Protestantism and Crashaw's Catholicism not as belonging to utterly separate poetic firmaments but as expressing, with a final clarity, the opposite horns of the Anglican dilemma, in an age of disintegration. And we may be forced to conclude that while the *via media* is an ideal never realized in fact with any stability, the extreme developments away from this ideal, whether Catholic or Protestant, fail equally and alike in confirming a new firmament of Christian value and symbol able to absorb and yet to subdue the new secular presumptions of the seventeenth century."

The impact of this dilemma upon the poets is studied from its beginnings in the devotional poetry of the late Elizabethans, with particular reference to "the crown as religious symbol"; in the humanism of George Herbert; in John Donne and many lesser poets of the Jacobean age in whom the fading outlines of Eucharistic dogma are to be traced; and in a more extended treatment of the evolution of a genuinely Protestant aesthetic as a unique achievement in the poetry of Milton.

The most significant loss Professor Ross observes in the dogmatic content of the poetry of the period studied—as measured by the harmony between the natural, the historical, and the divine orders reflected in such a poet as Dante, and, in a less sharply defined but still significant way, Professor Ross believes, in Shakespeare—is the loss of the "historical concrete," the capacity in poetry of establishing analogical relations between social and historical events and the divine pattern reflected in Eucharistic dogma. Milton, indeed, creates a new Protestant firmament of poetic symbol, but he "creates anew out of the new freedom implicit in Reformation dogma. In his representation of the Deity and in his use of sacred image he takes liberties that Calvin would certainly have condemned and a decent Puritanism must surely still abhor. The Anglican poet of the time worked within the fading outlines of the ancient firmament of symbol even as the sun at its core darkened and gave place. But Milton built freely, to his own design, and out of every particle and fragment that lay at hand.

It is the Miltonic firmament which displaces the old Catholic firmament. And until Gerard Manley Hopkins, it was within this free, elastic, chameleon firmament of Milton's that the poetry most characteristic of post-Renaissance English culture was conceived. It is against this firmament that T. S. Eliot protests. And it is the ancient analogical firmament of Dante which Eliot has now, in part, restored." (Pp. 230–1.)

Professor J. R. MacGillivray thus reviews *The Letters of Sara Hutchinson from 1800 to 1835*, edited by Professor Kathleen Coburn (University of Toronto Press, xxxviii, 474 pp., $6.00).

This is a most readable volume, introducing us to an engaging person and adding to our knowledge of her notable circle of friends. This sister-in-law of Wordsworth, the beloved "Asra" of Coleridge, the friend of Southey, Lamb, DeQuincey, the Clarksons, and Thomas Arnold, lived much of her life with her relatives at Grasmere. To the first three of these writers she was occasionally a secretarial assistant. Her fair copies of the 1805 version of *The Prelude*, at Grasmere, and of essays for *The Friend*, in the Victoria and Albert Museum, are reminders of her patient helpfulness to Wordsworth and Coleridge; and these letters mention the weeks she spent at Keswick in 1817 copying from Wellington's private papers to help Southey with his *History of the Peninsular War*. Her letters extend our biographical knowledge of her circle, but give us more than that. Two of them preserve the only detailed account we have of Wordsworth's tour of Scotland in 1814. Another gives such special information as the date of one, or perhaps two, of the manuscripts of *Peter Bell*, and shows that De Selincourt's guess was wide of the mark. The general student of the period, however, or the reader addicted to letters, will be grateful for the incidental glimpses, the domestic reporting, the edged phrases: Coleridge romping with the children at Allan Bank and "making racket enough for twenty," young Rotha Quillinan dutifully repeating the Lord's Prayer with her godfather Wordsworth as they drove from Kendal, Sara's feminine report on the housekeeping arrangements at Arnold's Rugby, or a yarn about "Quince" who "doses himself with Opium & drinks like a f[ish]." She was happily the least reverential member of the Wordsworth household; it was her imperfect sympathy with *Resolution and Independence* that called forth a lengthy and passionate reproof from the poet. But she is a good letter-writer and has a sense of humour; here at least she surpasses her distinguished brother-in-law, whom, it should be added, she sincerely admired as a poet and a man.

Miss Coburn has given us an attractive and useful volume, ade-

quately and not excessively edited, with an appreciative introductory essay on Sara Hutchinson and her letters.

Poems of John Galt, a Selection, edited by G. H. Needler (Toronto, Burns and MacEachern, 64 pp., $2.50) offers a judicious sampling of Galt's shorter poems. Of little intrinsic merit, they help (like Professor Needler's earlier account of Galt's verse drama) to round out our picture of one who deserves to be remembered as an empire-builder and as a man of letters who, at his best, achieved a permanent place in the annals of the novel, and they also help to recall a vanished age of literary culture. Professor Needler supplies a glossary of words occurring in the Scots poems (the best in the volume) and a brief introduction, concluding with a chronological table of Galt's life and works. This latter would have been much more useful if he had, so far as possible, dated the poems themselves, or at least indicated the volume or MS. from which they were taken. The failure to record the source of any of his texts reduces the value of the volume and is the more regrettable since it would have added at most a couple of pages and since Professor Needler alone has the information required.

That a work is devoted to education no longer necessarily suggests its classification under humanistic studies; indeed the chances are perhaps not more than one in ten that it would find its appropriate place there. But if the author is Dr. Hilda Neatby the classification is inevitable; for her concern is to examine our school system and the aims and methods of professional educationists from the vantage point of the humanist tradition as she understands it. In *A Temperate Dispute* (Clarke, Irwin, viii, 97 pp., $2.00) she continues the argument begun in *So Little for the Mind*, and by her title obliquely rebukes the response of the frightened professionals to her earlier volume, a response often hurried, confused, and evasive, and sometimes verging on abuse. The present book consists of four addresses, the first of which gives its title to the whole. She quotes from Sir Thomas Browne: "A good cause needs not to be patron'd by passion"; and, "I could never divide myself from any man upon difference of an opinion or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me." Her more conciliatory tone signals no retreat from her main position. Indeed by their brevity, and their resort to the lecture method (in which Dr. Neatby is a skilled practitioner) these addresses bring out very clearly the main position and her principal criticisms of the existing system. *So Little for the Mind* provided the detailed evidence on which the indictment was based. *A Temperate Dispute* is much more than an appendix: it is a conclusion.

The first of the addresses comments on the "vagueness and am-

biguity of our use of the word *education,*" as putting excessive power in the hands of professional educationists by allowing them to exploit such aspects of the subject as they choose at the expense of the rest, and thus "to cut us off from the living roots of our civilization." It goes on to criticize the inadequacy, not to say the naïveté, of the effort to teach directly to the ignorant and immature what is called "critical thinking" and "problem solving," and the easy surrender of subject-matter and intellectual discipline before the demands of mass education and a pseudo-democratic formula that would sacrifice the able to the average. "If we must think and speak in slogan," Dr. Neatby suggests a renewed emphasis, by way of corrective, on "mind-centred schools."

If this adds little to the critic's earlier plea, while setting it in sharper relief, the second address, "The Group and the Herd," views the problem at a new angle. The historian's study of men in their social and political actions leads her to a salutary distinction between the "herd instinct," that relic of our animality which always threatens to submerge reason and the individual, and (opposed to this) the specifically human capacity of individuals to co-operate, that is, to form groups in which individuality and rationality are not obliterated but exercised in pursuit of an end, rationally determined, and with each contributing according to his ability. How far, asks Dr. Neatby in effect, is this necessary distinction preserved and operative in our "child-centred" and "socially oriented" schools? On the answer the fate of our civilization may in part depend.

In the third address, "Is Teaching a Learned Profession?" she turns with sympathy and insight to the depressed state of the schoolteachers in our society and their efforts to improve it. The learned professions—the church, medicine, the law—came to be so regarded because in them professional knowledge was added to a liberal education and was of such a character as to be "a natural extension of, and not an alien addition to, a liberal education." This (we may add) is an ideal to which the leaders of medical education are giving renewed attention. But what, Dr. Neatby asks, of our programmes of teacher training?

The fourth address, "The Debt of our Reason" (also issued separately: Clarke, Irwin, vi, 23 pp., $1.25) was the Armstrong Lecture in Victoria University for 1954. Its title is likewise from Sir Thomas Browne, who (says Dr. Neatby) described pure learning as "the debt of our reason [which] we owe unto God, the homage we pay for not being beasts." In addition to variations upon the themes of the first two addresses, this one also suggests some of the deeper grounds of the

critic's conviction, which are moral and religious as well as intellectual. She outlines, inevitably in a simplified form, the creed of a Christian humanism which refuses any final dichotomy of intellect and man's moral nature or of freedom of thought and social obligation, which recognizes a dual activity of reason, analytical and intuitive, and whose painstaking investigation is accompanied by reverence and touched with wonder. This tradition she sees as controlling the learning of the Middle Ages, surviving the Renaissance and extending its influence, though decreasingly, to subsequent centuries. It is in the light of this tradition that Dr. Neatby undertakes her criticism of an educational system which has forgotten or has dismissed it as obsolete.

If the library is indeed the laboratory of the Humanities, it is proper to conclude this section with a brief reference to *A Joint Catalogue of the Serials in the Libraries of the City of Toronto*, edited by Robert H. Blackburn (University of Toronto Press, iv, 602 pp., $5.00), which bears the date 1953, but became available in 1954. In the twenty years which have intervened between this fifth edition and the fourth (1934, 263 pp.) large additions have been made to the University and the other Libraries involved, many of them of course in the Sciences and Social Sciences. While of principal utility to scholars and students in the Toronto area, this admirable catalogue is not without its value to others as a work of reference and for the purpose of inter-library borrowing. The fact that the considerable expense of publishing this edition, as also its predecessors, was borne by the Provincial Department of Education shines, Dr. Neatby would admit, like a good deed in a naughty world.

IV

Turning to MISCELLANEOUS PROSE, we are grateful to Professor W. S. McCullough for the following notices of books on religion.

The Secrets of the Kingdom (Philadelphia, Westminster Press [Ryerson], 222 pp., $2.50), by Professor George Johnston of Emmanuel College, Toronto, is an unusual treatment of a very old subject. It is, in fact, the story contained in the New Testament, the first half dealing with the ministry of Jesus, and the second with the early Church. This familiar material is, however, presented in a narrative that is interesting, lucid, and surprisingly fresh in its treatment of well-known data. The author's scholarship is kept quietly in the background, but it is there, and it controls his more imaginative sections. The discussion, in the first chapter, of Jewish hopes of a future king seems to overlook the probability that the Hasmonean rulers (142–63 B.C.), being relatively recent, served as a more effective reminder of the glories of the Hebrew state than did the ancient line of David.

Despite both its title, *The Seekers* (Boston, Beacon Press [Reginald Saunders], xiv, 306 pp., $4.50) and its sub-title, "Why Christian Orthodoxy is Obsolete," most of Professor Emeritus W. A. Gifford's book is to be described as a very compressed history of the Christian Church from its inception until the twentieth century. As such it leans heavily on the author's earlier work, *The Story of the Faith* (1946). The first eighty pages, however, after an allusion to Neanderthal man, deal with the early cultures and religions of the Near, Middle, and Far East, and finally end up with the Greek philosophers. This is a kind of prolegomenon to the rise of Christianity. The writer's conclusion is "that historic Christianity is passing away [and] that the Christian Church can no longer meet the conditions of religious recovery," but his treatment of the modern Church is too slight to establish such a far-reaching thesis.

The Recovery of Humanity (Philadelphia, Westminster Press [Ryerson], 157 pp., 1953, $2.50), by a Presbyterian minister in Toronto, James D. Smart, contains seventeen sermons. There is little lively anecdote in these sober homilies, but they present thoughtful treatments of some of the great themes of Christian theology by a man who thinks of the ministry primarily as a ministry of the Word of God.

Two short books on Christianity in India are to be noted. The first, *The Church in India*, by R. M. Bennett (Toronto, Canadian Council of Churches, x, 157 pp., $1.25) whose sub-title is "A Canadian Viewpoint," must be described as excellent of its kind, full of information, and written by a man who knows his subject and whose feet are on the ground. The second, more restricted in its scope, is *Thirst of India*, by Bishop Heber Wilkinson (Toronto, The Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada, vi, 78 pp.). It contains the substance of addresses delivered in 1953 while the author was on furlough in Canada, and is mostly concerned with the Church in the Diocese of Amritsar in East Punjab.

Toward the Quiet Mind, by Lawrence M. Lande (McClelland & Stewart, 101 pp., $2.50), is described as "A guide to self-discovery through the study of the book of Job." Some may find the treatment of Job helpful, though it actually throws no new light on this old book. The chapter on William Blake's appreciation of Job is so brief as to be meaningless. The second last chapter, "A Credo," has really nothing to do with Job; presumably it is to be related to the author's title.

Professor F. P. Fisher of the Royal Military College has kindly undertaken to review the three books bearing on the Second World War.

Capture and escape is the theme of *The World is Six Feet Square*, by Alan Caillou (London, Peter Davies [British Book Service], iv, 214 pp., $3.00) which involves two human beings. Captured after

leading a patrol far into the enemy lines, the author and his second-in-command spend their time trying to stay alive on Italian rations and to escape back to the lines of the advancing Eighth Army. The North African campaign of 1943 and the subsequent attack on Italy form the background of the vivid and interesting story of these Englishmen (the author is now resident in Canada) who are sufficiently different in temperament to make their co-operation a dramatic situation. As they fall into the hands of the Italians, their association with the Arabs and the fact that their uniforms are covered with the Arab *burnou*, or heavy goat-hair cloak, suggest the charge of espionage to their captors. From this point on the tension of the plot increases the effect of each succeeding incident. After an attempt at escape around Tunis, they are recaptured and conveyed to a civilian prison at Gaeta, where the description of Italian life and manners is worth the book. With his dry English humour, the author enlivens a fast-moving account ending with their final escape to the landing-beaches at Salerno. The distinctive flavour of the North African and Italian campaigns from which violent bitterness and atrocity are usually absent leaves the reader with the refreshing thought that war can sometimes be a thoroughly human experience after all.

In turning to *The Trial of Kurt Meyer*, by B. J. S. Macdonald (Clarke, Irwin, xvi, 216 pp., $3.00), we may recall that Meyer joined the National Socialist party in 1930, and became a member of the Schutzstaffeln (S.S.) four years later; at thirty-three he was promoted to S.S. Brigadeführer, equivalent to the army rank of Major-General, and was the youngest in the German forces at the time. After the Normandy landings of June, 1944, he was suspected of giving orders which made him responsible for the killing of Canadian prisoners of war, when they had duly surrendered. The story of his trial by a Canadian court martial at Aurich in Germany at the close of hostilities is well told by the prosecutor, Colonel J. S. Macdonald. He obviously entertains no doubt about the legality of such trials, and shows that he is proud of the investigations which laid the foundation for the prosecution. In a way, he has every justification for this pride, for the book is an adequate demonstration of the fair deal—from the first search for witnesses to the final commutation of the death sentence by General Vokes as Convening Officer. The commutation was the result of a review of the sentence initiated by the concern of Colonel Macdonald about a regulation providing for such review by the theatre commander. "Indeed," he somewhat ruefully remarks, "I afterwards felt that if it had not been for my query at C.M.H.Q., Meyer would have been executed on January 7th."

The commutation of sentence to life imprisonment was ordered by General Vokes because he did not feel the "degree of responsibility" established at the trial was sufficient to warrant the death penalty. It is a tribute to the prosecutor's objective reporting that the reader is inclined to agree with the final commutation. Meyer does not appear as the hero—the author labours this point to the very end—but he does appear as a thoroughbred of his particular kind of breed. It is noticed, with some fascination and dismay, that the accused managed to outstare the president of the court and reduce a key witness, who had been a subordinate, to quavering incoherence. The kind of training to which Meyer had been accustomed gave him absolutely no warning of such an indictment. The character witnesses—who included both General Eberbach, his German superior, and Captain J. A. Renwick, a prisoner of Meyer—bear out the contention that he was a good soldier. If Meyer's attitude was wrong, then what on earth does one do with the astonishment of Marshal Zhukov at General Eisenhower's treatment of German prisoners? Eisenhower supported his treatment by referring to the Geneva Convention and to the fact that the enemy should be given no excuse for treating badly any American and British prisoners in their hands. To this the Russian marshal retorted: "But what did you care about men the Germans had captured? They had surrendered and could not fight any more."

The Two Jacks, by W. R. Bird (Ryerson, x, 209 pp., $4.00), is written by a Nova Scotian who, as a veteran of World War I, sets down the experiences or—to quote the sub-title—the "amazing adventures" of Major Veness and Major Fairweather of the North Nova Scotia Highlanders in World War II. Any lack of enthusiasm on the part of the reader is overbalanced by the highly enthusiastic style of this storyteller. But, of the two protagonists, Fairweather and Veness, one knows as little at the end of the book as at the beginning. Fortunately, the story itself takes over, and out of it come the characters and adventures of a group of the French Maquis. The capture of the "two Jacks" after the Normandy landings of 1944 is followed by the grim behaviour of the German S.S., whose dogged brutality is clearly and forcefully described. Escape from a boxcar during transit brings them into contact with the French underground in the form of a group of the Maquis commanded by Captain Georges LeCoz. From the moment of his entrance, the character of this pirate with a Bren gun dominates the story. His "expeditions," his dinners and entertainments, his mistresses and his followers—including the major who was sent to take command of the group—come vitally alive. The earnestness with which both Fairweather and Veness describe his

last position to an officer of the Welsh Guards testifies to their devotion. The answer to their inquiry if he was wanted for anything special, obviously shakes them—"We want to hang him, of course." The reader will agree that "no figure is as vivid as that of the arrogant Captain LeCoz, no scenes more fantastic than those of the amazing adventures with the Maquis."

Dr. R. L. McDougall has furnished the following review.

The growth of interest in Emily Carr, announced last year by the publication of some of her literary remains in *The Heart of a Peacock* and *Pause*, is now advanced to another stage by the appearance of a biographical sketch, *Emily Carr as I Knew Her*, by Carol Pearson (Clarke, Irwin, x, 162 pp., $2.50). The advance is significant since this country, generally reticent about its creative artists, has shown little inclination to hang up their portraits in the form of personal memoirs. No one, for example, seems to have thought Frederick Philip Grove worth knowing. It is therefore heartening to find Mrs. Pearson quite certain that Emily Carr was worth knowing; and much of her admiration and some of her love for this remarkable woman is communicated to the reader. The book makes no claim to scholarship. In manner it is intimate, even chatty, and in form it accepts the loose organization and errant chronology of the Emily Carr sketch, the author passing at will over the nominal barriers of the chapter headings to reach one part or another of the period of her friendship, begun in 1917, with the little stout lady who was nearly forty years her senior. Unfortunately, Mrs. Pearson is not a good writer, and there is little point in making a "special quality and charm" out of this fact. She has not, therefore, the vigour of conception, the invention, or the technical resources necessary to render the free manner and form of her book entirely pleasing; and her prose is, at the same time, too often coy, exclamatory, or dimmed with tears. Neither is there much to be learned here about the life and character of Emily Carr that is not rather more ably documented in her own work. Nevertheless, any forthcoming critical study of this writer will do well to heed Mrs. Pearson on certain points: on Emily Carr, not simply as a keeper of pets, but as a great naturalist (a view advanced by Mrs. Pearson with an authority which must be respected); on Emily Carr as a wise counsellor of the young; and on Emily Carr as a radiant source of gentleness and harmony (an emphasis designed, as Mrs. Pearson makes plain, to counter the impression conveyed by her books "that she thinks of herself as the devil to deal with"). Moreover, the remainder, which runs chiefly over familiar ground, is in itself valuable as a corroboration of the essential quality of Emily Carr's genius in painting and writing—that quality which Miss Kathleen Coburn,

in the Foreword, refers to as "the childlike nearness to the primal source of things, the eye fresh to the wonder of the universe, the constantly inquiring mind, and—in the widest sense—the uncorrupted heart." It is not indeed surprising that Mrs. Pearson should feel deep emotion in the presence of this quality, which she was sensitive enough to detect, and in the presence of the fine humanity which accompanied it. Seen in this light, the naked sincerity of the sentiment which informs her book is its greatest strength.

Dr. C. T. Bissell has reviewed Hugh MacLennan's *Thirty and Three* (Macmillan, x, 261 pp., $3.75).

The occasional, personal essay has not flourished in Canada. In recent times B. K. Sandwell, Peter McArthur, and Stephen Leacock come to mind, but they had no important predecessors, and they have had, as yet, no real successors. To flourish, the personal essay needs the medium of the cultivated and sophisticated weekly, such as we have had only sporadically in our history and now seem to be on the verge of losing altogether. Most of the essays in Hugh MacLennan's *Thirty and Three* were originally contributed to such weeklies, and it would be a pity if the disappearance or decline of those weeklies brought an end to MacLennan's career as an essayist. His novels had already told us that he possessed many of the qualities of the good essayist: he has a lively mind, a store of information on a wide variety of subjects, and a number of strongly held convictions and prejudices. He approves, for instance, of Montreal, tennis, Oxford, Nova Scotia, and artistic activity of all kinds; he disapproves of Toronto, puritanism, and philistinism. The essays are always interesting and, occasionally, exciting and provocative. I think, however, that they will have value more as an appendix to the novels than as self-sufficient creations. Mr. MacLennan is, if anything, just a little too personal; we feel that we are overhearing confidences, not participating in an urbane and genial discussion. Although his delight in generalizations is one of his more stimulating characteristics, it can, at the same time, betray him into a fuzziness that often irritates. But these essays are never awkward or gauche; they never surrender easily to the *cliché*; they are, like the novels, additions to our literature.

Four other examples of narrative and descriptive prose may without injustice be classed as journalism. Arthur L. Murphy's *Story of Medicine* (Ryerson, x, 243 pp., $3.50) consists of thirty-nine brief chapters which carry the story (as Dr. Murphy might say, though he doesn't) from "Magic and Mummery" to "Banting and Best, and Beyond." The style is sometimes rather florid, more often clipped and a little breathless: Dr. Murphy has of course a lot of ground to cover, and seems to feel an obligation to be always vivid and dramatic if he

is to compete successfully for attention. He might have placed more reliance on the inherent interest of the story he has to tell, which is quite sufficient (we apologize to the shade of Sidney) to draw children from their comics and old men from the television set. *Crocodile Fever*, by Lawrence Earl (McClelland & Stewart, x, 293 pp., $4.50) and *Fisherman's Winter*, by Roderick Haig-Brown (New York, Morrow [Toronto, Collins], 288 pp., $3.75), both the work of freelance writers, recount experiences and describe scenes very remote from Canada and its life. *Crocodile Fever* is (as the sub-title informs us) "A True Story of Adventure." It was gathered from the adventurer himself and "written up" (as our expressive phrase goes) by Mr. Earl. The book bears testimony to the range of its author, whose *Battle of Baltinglass* won him the Stephen Leacock medal for humour. We should have more medals: the best scenes in *Crocodile Fever* might then take the medal for horror, and Mr. Earl, who writes with genuine vividness, might score a "double first" of an unusual kind. The personal drama of the hero, whose compulsive urge to shoot crocodiles on the Zambesi comes near to wrecking his life, is perhaps less skilfully handled. Mr. Haig-Brown, who is an expert in his own right on the more tranquil sport of trout-fishing, takes no one's information but goes to see for himself. *Fisherman's Winter* is his account of a visit to the freshwater fishing grounds of Chile and Argentina. It is addressed primarily to brothers of the rod, and there are admittedly pages which to non-anglers will seem repetitious and dull. But the author has an eye also for persons and scenes, and the passages devoted to his journey, to the city of Santiago, and the settings in which he fished, make pleasant and informative reading. The last, and certainly not the least competent, of the four volumes is *No Magic Carpet*, by Helen Elaine Bricker (McClelland & Stewart, xii, 116 pp., $2.75), which might perhaps have been treated under works on religion. In it, the author, a graduate of Toronto, and secretary in charge of girls' work in the Presbyterian Church, gives her impression of India and other countries visited when she was a delegate to the Third World Conference of Christian Youth. Her point of view is religious, but her interests include ethics, social and economic relations, and problems of hygiene. She writes well, describes her varied scenes with vivacity, and is especially happy in the insights which she gives into domestic life.

The name of B. K. Sandwell has occurred more than once in this essay. Canadian journalism and criticism alike owe him an enormous debt and in his passing suffer a grievous loss.

V

In the field of DRAMA, Mr. Vincent Tovell writes:

In September, 1954, "A Jig for the Gypsy," by Robertson Davies, was introduced at the Crest Theatre in Toronto, under the management of Murray and Donald Davis; and so improved is the state of the theatre in Canada now that it had a successful run. Since the text has just been made available (*A Jig for the Gypsy*, Clarke, Irwin, viii, 99 pp., $2.00), this comedy will probably be given other performances in other parts of the country. It is well established by this time that Mr. Davies writes brightly, whatever his subject, and that he is unmistakeably a man of the theatre, with a sense of fun and a taste for the fantastic. All this, by itself, could be a distinction in Canada, but Mr. Davies has other obvious gifts as well: notably a fine command of language. *A Jig for the Gypsy* benefits from all these virtues and, in addition, it profits from the practice of the author's earlier plays. Its craftsmanship is more secure. Quite obviously, however, it has not strained Mr. Davies' resources. This is a slight but good-humoured recollection of gypsy magic, love, and politics in Wales at the end of the last century; if there is not much plot, and only rudimentary characterization, there is at any rate laughter and amusing business. This is the sort of comedy that lies pretty flat on the page, but with spirited and imaginative playing it can puff up into pleasant theatre. But are Canadians going to be interested in subjects so trivial and so remote from our daily lives? Apparently we must wait a while longer for Mr. Davies to touch our hearts.

We may conclude with a review, by Professor R. S. Knox, of *Twice Have the Trumpets Sounded*, by Tyrone Guthrie, Robertson Davies and Grant Macdonald (Clarke, Irwin, xiv, 193 pp., $4.00).

In the Preface to this book on the second Stratford Festival, Mr. Robertson Davies claims that the collaborators offer a different "mixture" from that given in last year's volume. Yet happily the main ingredient is of the same kind and quality, Mr. Davies' commentary on the plays and their production. Here again scholarship blends with a lively sense of the theatre; and, while the general high standard of the performances is acknowledged, there is the occasional pertinent reservation. He questions whether in the production of *The Taming of the Shrew* "Shakespeare's meaning was followed as dutifully as his text," and feels that Murray's version of *Oedipus Rex* might have been a better choice. He daringly argues for a psycho-analytic reading of *Measure for Measure*, with Isabella revealing a father complex and the Duke as the father image, a solution perhaps no more strained than some others offered for the play's supposed puzzle.

Dr. Tyrone Guthrie's contribution is an unofficial long view of the Festival. He thinks that, with prudence and luck and perhaps some unqualified aid from the Department of Education, the enterprise may now be regarded as an annual event. For several years yet outside help will be necessary, but essentially the production should be Canadian even to the accent of the actors. He himself fortunately can guide the Festival for another year.

Again the volume is brightened by the theatrical portraits by Mr. Grant Macdonald. The third sounding of the trumpets, we hope, will by the same trio be recorded.

IV. PUBLICATIONS IN FRENCH — W. E. Collin

This year's books are significant as windows opening on the drama of the French-Canadian conscience. Writers are creating ironic patterns by representing sullied figures who venture into the stream of life or fall hopeless on the shore.

There are thousands of fear-ridden clerks, says Gabrielle Roy in her latest novel, *Alexandre Chenevert* (Montréal, Beauchemin, 373 pp., $3.00), thousands of Cheneverts, embodiments of the silliness, stupidity and insignificance of city life.

> Thousands of him, at a definite hour of the morning, descend a staircase, all at once, run from every point of the city toward overcrowded streetcars. Thousands of him pile up there. . . . Quick lunch at the end of a counter. The little man covers the sidewalk with his hurrying multitude, tired out, sometimes sulky. He disappears behind counters in stores, in offices crackling with tinkling bells, clicking typewriters, buried under piles of papers, reports, ledgers, registers—far, forever farther and farther away from the care-free life of earlier days.

They are a pitiful brood over which Mlle Roy spreads her tender wings. Chenevert was a puny fellow with a slightly hooked nose which made him look like a lonely, perhaps unhappy bird of prey. He pitied weak and unfortunate people and detested the strong, ferocious races. He intensely disliked the bank manager, an English Canadian, who represented the hereditary enemy. From behind his wicket he watched a continuous stream of faces and reflected on his life. He came to think of one life for the necessary things, clothes, rent, heat, and electricity, and another life for meditation and, perhaps, travel. To be free to lead this other life he made arrangements with himself and succeeded only in confusing his brain. His most grievous error was to believe in the dollar. If he was ever to feel secure he reckoned he would have to work till he was seventy—"to have enough to die on." His wife fell sick and the thought of having to pay a doctor's bills drove him crazy. "There must be a limit somewhere," exclaimed Chenevert,

"raising his shrivelled little fist." Having tried to escape by way of books he had a great, fantastic dream: a serious illness which would be the last, a spell in the hospital, a real rest. The doctor said: "Go away somewhere. . . . Throw off everything. For once at least in your life do what you've always wanted to do." At St. Donat, in the Laurentian Mountains, Mlle Roy teaches the little city man the lesson of solitude. "Vain was your agitation, useless your anguish, useless your suffering, useless all that, said the silence to this exhausted man." "The trees bowed: they told Alexandre that they lived a while, died, and were replaced by others and that was all right." She shows him life in harmony with nature. "He saw the grass waving at his feet in long paths where the wind passed; birds floating leisurely in the air, clouds sailing in the distance and he identified himself with a secret emotional understanding, with the irresponsible and docile elements of creation." She delivers him from men and from God. He is not responsible for original sin. Life is innocent. The disgruntled Alexandre died in him and another, a kind of sympathetic Alexandre, took his place.

Part three of the book is a gentle mockery of civilized life, out of harmony with nature and in harmony with original sin. Chenevert was so happy he felt he must communicate his joy to others. When he took up his pen, he wrote: "We are pleased to remit herewith statement of your current account . . ." and so demonstrated the power of a thirty-year-old habit of mind. In hospital again he was visited by a priest who saw life as a conflict between man and God and naturally took God's side. The author suggests Chenevert needed a different kind of supporter, not one who says, "Here is your judge," but one who says, "Lord, here is a man whom I heartily recommend, a man for whom we stand guarantors, a man whom we send to you fortified with the best of references." For the priest it could only be a question of reconciling Chenevert with the inevitable, thanks to what he called resignation. Here, as in Giroux's *Le Gouffre a toujours soif* (1953), we are treated to the irony of gratuitous, disinterested love, as a city man settles his account with the priest's God of sin. When Alexandre confesses that he wanted to spare his wife the pain of child-bearing, the priest speaks of sinning against nature. But, for Alexandre, sinning against nature is to shut your ears to the bird's song. In confessing his sins, Alexandre was tempted by an eternal despair. "The sense of God's unimaginable solitude began to penetrate Alexandre's heart. So difficult, with no fear, how could he help being eternally alone?" "Why did God make the earth so beautiful," Chenevert asked, "if it was not to take man away from it?" Heaven must

be sad, he thought, after earth. "There would be no flowers, no birds, with such sweet cries after the rain. No trees. Just angels, various categories of angels, singing God's praises." As with Giraux's Sirois, suffering illuminates Alexandre Chenevert, whose insights are blasphemies to the priest. "No, God is not touched by the love of men. He is not human. God goes farther than we do. He it was who invented the idea of making us suffer. He is more expert than we are . . . nobody has yet gone as far as He has. . . . Strange! Strange! . . . . Even the Nazis. . . ." With the result that the priest's confidence in himself was shaken:

> How much he didn't know of the ordinary man's life! Then, instead of a feeling of superior liberty acquired by the choice of his vocation, the almoner experienced an impression of unworthiness. Unless he suffered as much as, if not more than all, by what right could he act as interpreter between God and man?

"The only assurance on earth," says Mlle Roy, "comes from our unreasonable human tenderness," and her book inspires us with tenderness towards bright human life which has turned into loneliness and despair.

Mlle Roy's sister, Marie-Anna A. Roy, has written *Le Pain de chez nous* (Montréal, Edns du Lévrier, 256 pp., $2.00), a story of a Manitoban family, perhaps the Roy family. The father in the story was employed in the office of colonization and one of the best anecdotes in the book is his account of the settlement of the Doukhobors, newly arrived in the country. "My poor children, you don't know what poverty and privation are. Ah, if you had seen those Russian women hitching themselves to a plough to cultivate the virgin prairies of Saskatchewan! And the pitiful neglect of the almost naked children weeping for a bit of black unleavened bread!" He tells how he conducted a group of three hundred Doukhobors to lands which the ministry of colonization reserved for them, to a valley the grandeur and beauty of which, seen in the light of the setting sun, thrilled the hearts of the distrustful and weary immigrants.

> Finally, after interminable hours on the steppes of Saskatchewan, we saw the promised land aflame with the rays of the setting sun. A cry of wonder burst from all their lips; the women knelt down, pressed their bosoms against the earth, passionately kissed the dust and raised their heads to heaven. All of a sudden a vast murmur of voices arose and rolled over our heads, grew, and presently filled the immense valley. The men, women, and the children chanted a hymn to the Creator. I have never seen or heard anything like it in the world. A spectacle that makes one shiver and weep.

In writing *François Duvalet* (Québec, Institut Littéraire du Québec, 263 pp., $2.00), the story of a French immigrant working his

way through northern Ontario to Chapleau, Maurice de Goumois obviously had Louis Hémon in mind. But there are many notes in the story to indicate that it is an account of a French Canadian's experience in a cosmopolitan world made up of Englishmen, Poles, Ukrainians, just outside his own, where he is made to feel that he belongs to an inferior race, experiences the bitterness of humiliation, resentment, loss of self-respect, defeat. Duvalet is described as a man whose "desire to affirm himself was all the more intense since it arose from a hidden timidity." He is afraid to write to his folk in France lest they should read disgrace between the lines. The book is a criticism of heroic adventures each of which is a search for grandeur and each of which results in diminished being.

One of the most soul-searching books is Yves Thériault's *Aaron* (Québec, Institut Littéraire du Québec, 163 pp., $1.50), a beautiful study of the impotence of ancestor-worship. Old Jethro, a tailor by trade, is standing at the open window of his flat in the Montreal ghetto. His grandchild Aaron is lying in bed listening to the bustle of life in the city streets. Jethro, who will not allow Aaron to mingle in that life, is humming the psalms his ancestors sang; "an impotent man," says Thériault, "crying to Jaweh in the desert." Jethro had fled from Minsk to Vladivostok, to San Francisco, to Montreal. His wife Sarah, his son David, and his son's wife, Rebecca, died and he lived alone with Aaron. Jethro wears a long beard, a long coat, a round hat, and high boots. He is the figure of race consciousness, orthodoxy, social tradition, craftsmanship transmitted from generation to generation. "I am a tailor," he used to say. And David would ask, and Aaron: "Is there no other trade we can follow?" Aaron spoke English to Jethro, who spoke Yiddish, threw him on the bed and cried: "You must have pride in your race; you must believe in your mother tongue, your God, your blood." Aaron went to the synagogue school. He thought he might be a rabbi and thunder forth imprecations against betrayers. He realized his situation when he heard a Canadian boy say: "Cursed Jew."

Aaron became a man by the law of the temple and by the law of nature. Strolling on the mountain he met a Jewish girl, Viedna, who taught him how to satisfy his desire for power and dignity. "To survive, you must forget you are a Jew. If you stay with your grandfather you'll be nothing, but you'll be a good Jew. Poor and oppressed is a hard fate. Rich and oppressed. . . ." And Viedna tempted Aaron. "Will you follow me? As I am, with my ideas?" Aaron did not say yes, but he looked for work in the city. Jethro wanted him to be a tailor, to work at home. He spoke of the great tribes, of the House that abideth forever, of the race that never perisheth, of ritual feasts,

and tried to bind Aaron to the ancient order, the law of the Father. But the breach between the generations widened. "I cannot stay caged up," said Aaron, walking to the door. "I will be rich." Yet the boy's distress is not caused by identifying life with money. Thériault touches the real problem when he writes: "He would have liked Jethro to show him, not tradition—that, he was certain, was incompatible with life in America—but a single word from the Father, a word descended from God, signed by His name, which proved that he, Aaron, in working at the task he had chosen, was committing some sin." Jethro did not reply. The problem here was not a purely Jewish one. It was a problem created by associating the desire for life with the idea of sin. And this is the clue to the meaning of the book.

Aaron in his desperation was now unable to see women without thinking of sin. In a café a fat, red-haired harlot came and sat down beside him. "She devoured him; without any restraint she imitated a passion she did not feel." The red-haired harlot is the projection of an impure conscience which associates an ardent desire for life with the idea of sin, the ensuing impotence, and the necessity of stimulating passion. When Aaron compared her with Viedna, "he felt small, weak; more deeply, he felt sullied. Something impure had taken possession of his flesh. . . . His whole being was in need of purification." When he saw Viedna in the magnificent drawing-room of her home, he saw elegance which bore the sign of the dollar, he saw a new creature, Cécile, not the beauty and hope of life he had once seen, not Viedna. He tries to rationalize his impotence away. "We have changed. We have grown older. Does it matter?" The farewell was cold and final. Jethro came to consider him "a stranger" and drove him from his house. Yet Jethro continued to call for Aaron, to plead with the Father to bring Aaron back. But the Father did not hear. "That is the tragedy," Jethro goes on mumbling and weeping. "The Father does not hear us any more."

In Jean Vaillancourt's prize-winning novel, *Les Canadiens errants* (Montréal, Le Cercle du Livre de France, 250 pp., $2.00), war is the instrument for projecting the terror in the fissured soul and the tragic irony of the longing for purity and innocence. It is a dramatic picture of the invasion of Normandy and Germany with flash-backs to the Canadian army's long stay in England and to home-life in Canada. Besides descriptions of barrages, attacks, slaughter, the work is remarkable for revelations of new thoughts and feelings and new satirical arts born of the contrast between a life in the shelter of mother and priest and life in the vital, dangerous world of today. The question: "How will the army keep up the morale of the troops at Christmas?"

brings the rejoinder: "Woollen tuques, snow-shoes, and arrow sashes." Two Canadian soldiers, Richard Lanoue and Xavier Gagnon, one raised in an orphanage, the other on a farm near Lac Saint-Jean, are talking in a dug-out the night before an attack:

> We are all tramps. Civilians in Canada, very different from these here, were afraid of us when they saw us arrive in a town. That didn't prevent them from writing in their papers that we were going to fight to save Christianity. They sought refuge in their churches. . . . *Le Canadien errant qui parcourt en pleurant les pays étrangers*! it's the little old men in rocking-chairs who sing that old song back home, old men who have never been farther away than Quebec.

"The Good God, he owes me too much," says Xavier. Prolonged misery and a good deal of reflection lead him to that truth.

There was a type of soldier for whom the stay in England was the glorious age of the Canadian army; there was a sentimental type, always talking about home and mother; there was a virile type, the kind of man others aspired to be; lastly, there were men who wanted to grow spiritually and whom military life helped to reach spiritual maturity. The author reveals the constitution of these types when, in the grip of terror, they run to a bush in a frantic effort to escape the deadly precision of German guns. Hurtubise, a mystical nature,

> saw his mother's sweet and infinitely tender face bending over him to introduce him to the blessed kingdom of sleep. . . . He lived over again in all his being the grand feeling of security and peace which had been his world at the age of four. Then he saw his soul, detached from his body, which he did not feel any more and which seemed to have left him. And his soul, illumined by religious faith and mystic love of God, mingled with his love of his mother, made great leaps, traversed plains, rivers, forests, mountains, singing hymns of joy. "Praised be the Most High!"

Dubuc saw himself in a forest felling huge trees the tops of which disappeared in the clouds. "Timber!" he shouted when he saw the tallest one coming down upon him. As he lay dying he thought of his mother and the Virgin, to whom he had given up praying long ago.

Lanoue, the orphan, had no mother to remember and see in a vision. A priest had taken charge of his education and put him in a seminary, but he escaped. He was in England before he was eighteen. He had begun to live, he said, the day he joined the army and his past life did not exist any more. He considered his adolescence as "a rotten green fruit" and he had gone to war "to die there or come out of it like a new-born babe." He was not a mystic, and he despised theologians. Those who pretended to explain God's conduct with regard to men deserved to be whipped. "There was man, alone with his destiny, a dark power. There was man's courage, his tight-lipped

grandeur. To have marched straight to one's destiny and submitted one's life to the supreme test; to have found oneself face to face with death, to have challenged it in single combat, to have fought like Jacob with the angel, whether one conquered or failed, that, perhaps, was worthy of a man." War, for a man like Richard Lanoue, was the living experience of spiritual maturity. He wanted to see the world beyond Quebec; he wanted a man's life, adventure with a flavour of risk. War offered him those things. But he also wanted to feel pure, like a new-born soul; to look at woman without a sense of shame and guilt. At the end Vaillacourt, with more ruthless irony than Thériault, uses the figure of a prostitute to picture the horror of Lanoue's spiritual impotence. Back in Montreal, a crippled hero walked the streets looking for a shelter. Nature was at the spring. Music filled the air.

> He had had a vision all day. In his soul he had relived the first morning of creation. Now the city appeared to him like an old prostitute who had put off the white dress she had worn like a virgin during the winter and lay warming her old hide, greeting the spring sun with a shrill voice, soliciting sweet kisses from that young innocent.

He threw himself on a bed in a boarding-house and, feeling like a derelict, wanted to die. To a rehabilitation official he said that he would like to go to the university to study poetry. He struck that official, who had advised him to look for a job as a waiter. What love the hero had left he bestowed on the false virgin of his vision. When she asked what he intended to do now, he replied: "I don't know. Travel."

II

André Langevin, too, draws bitter irony from an impure conscience. Of the young writers today he is perhaps the one who probes most deeply into the anguish of a lost paradise. The genius of the race, he seems to say, is to simulate Death. In *Poussière sur la ville* (1953) he used a red-haired heroine, a Madeleine, to explore the tragedy of the sin of living on the plane of one's desire, the impossibility of an ardent life untrammelled by the idea of sin. In "L'Homme qui ne sait plus jouer" he employs the figure of an actor who has grown old and flabby and lost the power to be the man he wants to be. In dying he is true to life. "He doesn't even know the truth of the Theatre," critics said. "He doesn't act; he only declaims." A sensitive man, he drank beer after beer to forget his shame. Playing Brutus in *Julius Caesar* he declaimed and forgot to stab Caesar. The theatre emptied. But a few minutes before the end a miracle happened. "Brutus was bidding farewell to life. Max Boucher was Brutus. The weariness of Brutus and the weariness of Max were one." The words of Brutus were the words of Boucher:

> Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest. . . .
> Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
> While I do run upon it. . . .
> Caesar, now be still.
> I killed not thee with half so good a will.

"Max had found the truth. It was true. He employed what life remained in him to make believe he had none. The last words he heard were Antony's, 'This was a man.' "

Langevin's story occupies eight or nine pages in *Ecrits du Canada français*, a new quarterly magazine founded by a group of writers, and published under the direction of an editorial board consisting of Robert Elie, Jean-Louis Gagnon, Gilles Marcotte, Gérard Pelletier, Paul Toupin, and Pierre Elliott Trudeau (Montréal, C.P. 246, Station H; no 1, 183 pp., $8.00 pour une série de quatre volumes). These "writings," pieces in a variety of forms by several authors, are described as "*œuvres libres*," a new genre in this country, "not that the collaborators feel loath to assume any individual responsibility but rather because they feel that, as a group engaged in a common enterprise, they will be free to express the tendencies and forms of our current literary productions."

The first number of this corporate venture by some of the best talent in the land is one of the most rewarding of this year's productions. Very different from the items noticed and to be noticed, is Jean-Louis Gagnon's seventy-page narrative entitled "La Fin des haricots." It is a veritable orgy of wit, cast in a loose form of "memoir" which allows the author to transform his journalistic experience in Brazil, the United States and Canada into brilliant demonstrations of the eccentricities of the French-Canadian mind. It is comic art in the line of Hertel's "Introduction à une métaphysique de la blague" (1953). "Canadians have developed a remarkable system which permits them to drink without danger: water is pasteurized with forty ounces of rye." "I belong to a race of farmers who, in the spring, sow their seed with the fixed idea of harvesting when autumn comes. Instinctively we mistrust cosmic visions and planetary enterprises."

> I grew up with a homesickness for what is happening in other places. My mother would have liked me to be a missionary. My father had just bought a sugar cane plantation in the Barbadoes and, by chance, had made the acquaintance of the French consul who was very fond of a Martiniquan punch. While we lived in the islands he developed a philosophy of life which was sweet and rigid, like his sugar canes. He liked to say that provided you respect the rules everything is permissible. I must add that the French consul and the molasses did a great deal to detach my mother from foreign missions.

His uncle was no less remarkable. "He was a reader of one book: The History of France. On principle he never compromised with the

Revolution. He stopped cutting the pages at July 4, 1789 and started reading again at the Restoration." Reflecting on the kind of order his employer favoured, the uncle concluded: "There exists only one perfect order: the order of the cemetery. The dead never demand an increase in salary, and they enjoy their equality in silence."

One of Gagnon's cleverest literary feats is a quixotic demonstration of the glory of the will to solitude. "Retire somewhere," said his employer, "I should like you to learn solitude." So uncle, reporter, and messenger retired to Alaska:

> The sky was white, the ground was white, the air was white. There was nothing but whiteness. I said to my uncle that it was useless to wave our handkerchief because among all this whiteness nobody could ever make out that poor white patch which ruled in the name of civilization. We should have expected as much: all this whiteness was uninhabited. We had our solititude. Never had I felt so alone. The white empire was certainly ours. Nobody there to dispute our claim. We were rich with all the snow in the world.

But presently something "violated the immobility." An Eskimo appeared with a sled, on his way to visit relatives at the other side of the pole. "In Red Russia!" exclaimed the uncle, horrified. Catching a glimpse of the Eskimo's pretty daughter under the polar bear robe the journalist said: "Her name is Snow White." To which the messenger added: "If her name is Snow White then her father's name must be Walt Disney." That kind of reasoning reminded the journalist of his Jesuit teachers; it was a syllogistic conclusion "in keeping with the Thomist spirit." Round the fire the uncle developed his theory of the igloo, cradle of civilization. "In the beginning men grouped together because of the cold. They constructed the igloo, a primitive home. . . . This home has reached its full development in northern countries which owe their rapid evolution to it. For cold creates societies, protects the family, and favours interchanges. That's the whole history of civilization." "That night," says the newspaperman, "I dreamed that at the beginning of creation there was Snow White. Cold and Mallarméan, Snow White leads all the migrations of men. She is the essence of the cold and lucid intelligence. I rise up against her. I am the only one who knows that the coming of her reign signifies death." In the end he found movement again. He came to a great river. "He had a feeling that he was an element of this river, a part of this noise. At that moment he felt he was no longer alone. He mingled with the general movement which was recreating the universe. He sensed presences. Someone touched him. He was among men."

The next piece in the *Ecrits* is an essay by Paul Toupin, "Souvenirs pour demain." There are none of Gagnon's imaginative and humor-

ous arts in this essay. Toupin, also, remembers his Jesuit teachers, but what he says of his schooling astounds us by its frankness: "I was the opposite of a Jansenist. But what paradoxes I had to blast! Paradoxes of sermons which denounced the body as the occasion of sin. . . . Memorize what generations had memorized, mark time, not to break ranks, approve, admire, not to criticize—the college taught that. College was a large ship on which I embarked with Truth for destination." "What six years of Latin and five years of Greek did not teach me," he says, "I discovered in a single visit to the British Museum." The Elgin marbles revealed to him the beauty that man's genius can create when "he puts his grandeur into being what he is." Looking at the Greek figures, Toupin reflected: "It was no longer a question of sin, of remorse, of redemption, of judgment, of athleticism. No one here enunciated a false problem. There was no false reply. The purity after which I thirsted and which I had confused with chastity, as I had been taught, at last found its expression in a bond between the body and the soul. . . . In the Elgin room I made the silent resolution to reconcile my life with life." This meant renunciation. "I entered into solitude as into a convent. My room became my hive. I made honey out of everything." His tribute to Nietzsche is not less startling: "Another professor, another master, and what a master, helped me to surmount the obstacles which so many centuries and ideas had erected between Greece and me. I am not the first and I shall not be the last man who owes his essential and indispensable knowledge to Nietzsche. Thanks to him I stand aside today from the great lies. He taught me that the most perfect sense of liberty is not to be ashamed of oneself."

III

In this rich collection of *Ecrits* we also find a symbolist drama, "L'Etrangère," by Robert Elie. The themes exemplified in Saint-Denys-Garneau's life—the hunted man, dualism, solitude, silence, guilt, the need of purification—are here expressed in a new form. The scene is a drawing-room and the action, as in a classical French drama, is in the dialogue. It is a play of light, in the soul as in the drawing-room, which grows fainter till, at the darkest moment of the night, dawn begins to appear. The central characters are Pascal, whose name suggests the Jansenist spirit; Nik, whose name sounds satanic; Lou, and Kato, Lou's young sister, who exemplifies woman's vital, unsullied love, Lou before she knew Pascal. The meaning of the meeting of Lou and Pascal is conveyed in a dialogue which clarifies the symbolism of the red-headed figure that Aaron and Lanou met in the café. Lou says to Pascal:

In your mind I am sullied. You had to get intoxicated to forget that your mistress was a prostitute. All you see is a thing that struggles, a thing you throw down on the floor. In your heart you have destroyed everything. A horrible image hides from you a woman you said you loved. A scream of horror drowns the voice you wanted to hear every night.

To appreciate Elie's symbolist art we must look on this work as a subtle dramatization, by means of the old fairy-tale of Beauty and the Beast, of the horror of the idea that flesh is sin. Pascal then appears as an adult man who tries to live by the fairy-tales he learned in childhood. Nik, too, heard a woman tell the story. He was once a frightened child whose life became sweetness and peace when the big ogre was swallowed up. But he rebelled and challenged life. He killed the woman and entered into solitude and dread. Lou, the immigrant, the displaced person, the woman who has known fear and despair in far-off, war-torn Europe is the force that destroys fairy-tales. "I have burned my book of pious pictures," says Lou to Pascal,

my book of heart-breaking images, pitiful virgins, tearful martyrs, bewildered Christs. . . . With those things you wanted to play being a man and your pictures became cents. But there were poor folk you did not see. With those things you tried to make love; but there was in you and in the woman you embraced a hunger and a thirst which you could not satisfy.

Lou's book was destroyed in a night of terror.

I have seen so much, Pascal, men killed under my eyes; women beaten because they fell exhausted. Drunken soldiers took me and, for a whole night, pounded me like dirt. Ah Pascal, I must know what love is! What a lot of picture books I looked at! What beautiful fairy-stories they told me that night! In the morning I had to see again a little child who had slept well. I had to wash myself, stand up straight, straighten my soul within me, straighten my sight. And when I was standing up straight again, Pascal, I said to God: Now then, come God. What are you waiting for? Is it not your turn now? Ten of them banded together and they could not break me and I must be broken. . . . But no one replied. And I took Kato in my arms. . . . And here again tonight. I stand erect. . . . The silence vibrates and I have no more to say.

In this view Nik is untamed, natural man, the Beast, as the fairy-story goes. But Lou prefers him to soulless men, "beggars who are afraid of him." To Nik, Pascal is a tamed beast.

I have traversed the world like a beast. I lived in a wild country, where they slaughtered tamed beasts. I could never have seized you here [Nik says to Lou]. In this place desires die in being born. Peace! How well they sleep here! How good, how clean they are! Cleanliness, especially. It's extraordinary. How prettily they must make love in this country! With what pretty smiles they must hate each other! . . . I do not belong to this race. I hate this land. . . . We must be able to escape from this peace.

Kato, who used to dance in the light, returns home at 4 A.M., the darkest moment of the night. Pascal, lying fully dressed on the bed, intoxicated, is an indication of what has happened to her. She is suffering; she is cold, lost, alone. "The very weight of your life," says Lou, "which isolates you, has led you tonight to the beginning of loneliness. Wouldn't I feel good if I could console you and begin our fairy-story again." To Pascal Lou says:

> Love is terrible. . . . It must break us like tiny fragile things, a useless flower, a grain among the thousands and thousands in a wheat field. First of all, Pascal, you must enter into solitude, not into my solitude, but into the solitude of every man, and every woman, on the threshold of love, frightful nudity, holy disrobing. You, too, will have to cry out; you, too, will have to be torn from yourself, split, taken away from all your friends, carried away from purest love.

To Kato, Lou says: "I have nothing to teach you. You also must stand up in your solitude and say good day to your companion, as though you were not suffering, because life now is sacred to you. Every suffering is a beginning of life." The tragic irony of the tame life is that Nik has to die that the fairy-tale may come true.

To quit now the first number of the *Ecrits*, the sketches contained in Louvigny de Montigny's *L'Epi rouge* (Montréal, Le Cercle du Livre de France, 1953, 285 pp., $2.00) need no interpreter. The old legend of the red ear of corn dates back to the time of Tekakwitha, we are told. As Arthur Saint-Pierre showed in his recent novel *La Croche* (1953), it is still remembered at corn-husking time in Quebec. "Dans les chantiers" and the long documentary scripts, "Les Boules de neige" and "La Cabane à sucre," are dramatizations of country customs, in which the dialogue leads us to characteristic sites —Gaspé, Saguenay, Mille-Iles—or into the bush to maple-sugar camps.

IV

Ernest Pallascio Morin's *Marie mon amour* (Québec, Institut Littéraire du Québec, 161 pp., $1.50) is a work in praise of the Virgin Mary, Mediatrix of Grace. The interesting part is the evocation. We see various types of men come to beseech her favour. Granval the clown prayed: "Our Lady of Clowns, never leave me alone," and he felt a gentle peace flow into his soul. The diplomat began: "O Mary, I carry in this brief case the destiny of the world." His day was full. "Pardon," he said. "It is three o'clock! I have an engagement!" Albert the Rich stopped at the church steps to drop a ten-cent piece into the hand of a blind man. The Soldier back from Korea knew that Christ said we should be brothers but he was obliged to kill and he

begs her protection for the officers of his regiment. Bertrand the Woodcarver heard the answer to his prayer: "I shall guide your hand." The Helmsman prayed: "Sweet Virgin of the Waters, protect my boat." The procession passes. Lawyer, monk, writer—all seek Our Lady's guidance and protection.

Because she has lost her lover and love is adoration, Marjorie MacCubbin pictures Mary bending over her child and wonders: "Mais où donc Joseph a passé?" In *Coups de dés* (Montréal, 77 pp., $2.00), her new collection of poems, this Canadian Desbordes-Valmore confesses that her secret wish was to keep her lover close to her all her life; she failed to capture him in the snare of her heart; her poems are cries of hopeless adoration, sad thoughts instead of raptures, illusions, broken dreams, memories of childhood, vain waiting and longing. Love, for Mlle MacCubbin, is "De souffrir avec joie pour l'être qu'on adore"; ecstasy is a longing to be lost in love as a stream in a river; consolation is the irony of suffering and knowing the depths of a tender love.

Jean-Guy Pilon belongs to neither of the worlds represented by these two books, but to a new world of consciousness in which religion and passion meet. Pilon is a young poet, still in his early twenties. His passion and will are strong. His second collection of verse, *Les Cloîtres de l'été* (Montréal, Edns de l'Hexagone, 30 pp., 75¢), is prefaced by a word from René Char, the French poet, who writes: "We breathe a similar air; and the noblessness of the trees, the condition of the men we meet, are reflected identically in our eyes." It is more important to know that Pilon has written an essay on Renoir, in *La Revue Dominicaine*. "Renoir's work fascinates me," he says (*Le Devoir*, November 13, 1954). "His women bathers are, for me, instants of grace in world painting. They are dialogue with the carnal magnificence of the creature; they are the crown of light placed before feminine nudity, an ever-renewed splendour." Pilon has no better opinion of his teachers than Toupin. "They seemed to imagine that their mission was to destroy any idea of art and poetry we might have had in us." His poetry is a vision of feminine nudity on the shores of life. Even with religious symbols Pilon proclaims the purity of his passion.

> Vienne la levée majestueuse et muette
> De la cathédrale de l'aube
> Aux bords des abîmes drapés de rideaux blancs.

The old order inspires sumptuous images, sweeping antitheses. With Renoir's bathers he would purify the waters:

Va nue sur la pierre et le sable sur l'été
Donne à la mer un baiser de tout ton corps
Pour que la très pure aurore naisse de la vague
Et s'élève jusqu'à mes impatientes lèvres.

It is a struggle of gratified passions with icy remorse. In the end the poet repudiates a stagnant order and walks in a world which he has created to the measure of his passion:

Je refuse les arbres tous droits
Je renonce aux routes tracées toutes pareilles
Je crée la mesure de cette eau qui nous emporte
Au loin des rives de pierre froide.

"Cloister" is the sign of a religious order; compared with passionate life, symbolized by "Summer," it is cold and silent, "a refuge of burning silence." In the poet's representation of the clash between the two orders there is a hint of old romances:

L'éclair entre nous de l'invisible négation
Comme une épée encombrante.

But his symbols are personal things. The special one "vein,"

Rouge veine de vie
Dans le sanctuaire du cloître oublié,

suggests a red stream of life, shores, and beaches. It was inevitable that Pilon in his cloister should, like Langevin, like Thériault, think of women with flaming hair:

O musiques isolées dans la nuit
Au bord des plus longs voyages
Murs de pierres grises endormis sous l'oubli
Loin des filles rousses aux membres polis
Loin des éclairs mauves de leurs yeux assoiffés
Leurs yeux tristes comme de grands puits asséchés

Est-ce déjà l'heure du genoux en terre
L'insensible écart de nos promesses déchaînées
Quelle est cette métamorphose aux rives des veines
La crainte de partir ou la prière d'un beau pardon.

Totems, by Gilles Hénault, and *Les Armes blanches*, by Roland Giguère, are the first two brochures in a new collection called "Tête Armée." Each is a work of no more than twenty-five pages, counting the illustrations, very attractively presented (Montréal, Edns Erta, $1.50 le volume). Years ago, in *La Nouvelle Relève* of 1941, Hénault published a remarkable poem, "L'Invention de la roue," in which, under the figure of a wheel, he pictured the anguish of the cycle of life, the illusion of progress, the happiness of remaining anchored in port. In *Totems*, he is still under the spell of the same idea, but one

experience especially fascinates him: the loss of Eden. He expresses this experience first by ridiculing the biblical myth:

Un Eden d'arbres à pain et de temps perdu
* * * *
C'était au temps de l'amour sans épines
De la jeunesse en fleurs
De la femme sans fard
Et de l'homme sans mémoire.
Ce jour-là
Dieu se montra dans toute sa splendeur:
En robe violette
avec des boutons blancs
la barbe passée au bleu
et les cheveux ondulés en éclairs
Il alluma un chandelier à sept branches
et la lumière fut!
* * * *
Dieu protégeait son verger
Car s'il a de l'amour
pour ses enfants, les hommes
Il aime encore bien mieux
La confiture aux pommes.

Then he expresses it in a modern figure of a sandwich-man, when again we meet the idea of being hounded by the law:

L'enfant libre et court vêtu, le voilà
travesti en panneau-réclame, en homme-sandwich
affublé de lois en carton-pâte, prisonnier de
mesquines défenses
asservi et ligoté, le voilà traqué au nom de la justice
L'enfant du beau sang rouge et du bon sang
le voilà devenu fantôme d'opéra tragique.

Perhaps the most suggestive figure Hénault has discovered for embodying the idea of life hounded to death by the Christian conscience is that of Red Indians hounded by Palefaces, by the pallor of death. In a parody of "Hail Mary!" he expresses the loss of bright, innocent life, under this figure of a whole American race that has disappeared:

Peaux-Rouges
Peuplades disparues
dans la conflagration de l'eau-de-feu et des tuberculoses
Traquées par la pâleur de la mort et des Visages-Pâles
Emportant vos rêves de mânes et de manitou
Vos rêves éclatés au feu des arquebuses
Et notre ciel a maintenant la couleur
des fumées de vos calumets de paix.

Roland Giguère, also, is grief-stricken because of a paradise he has lost. He is haunted by mirages of a world he knows is ruined. He sees wounds, poison, cancer, red cracked lips. He sees "animaux déna-

turés"; he sees "the breathless days of the black years." He feels heavy with guilt. His figures are drawn from nature and art. There is salt water flooding a beach; there is a single grain of sand and then dunes and deserts and huge graves:

un seul grain de sable et ce sont aussitôt
des milliers de dunes qui apparaissent
puis des déserts sans mirages
un sphinx d'ébène
et trois cents pyramides humaines mortes de soif.

The landscape has changed; it does not fit him any more; it does not have the colour of his youth. Thinking of what he used to be, "naked in the white sunshine," he wishes for a "purified landscape, washed by fire, by Van Gogh with the red hair, the lopped-off ear, and the flaming eye":

tout pur et hurlant comme chien
notre passé debout sur le bûcher
toute ombre dissoute et le doute écrasé
la vie revenait à ses sources de miel
sève et sang renouvelés
dans un crépitement de l'œil
qui s'ouvrait sur un paysage purifié
lavé par le feu
par Van Gogh aux cheveux rouges
à l'oreille coupée
et à l'œil enflammé.

An important event in the world of poetry was the publication of Saint-Denys-Garneau's *Journal* (Montréal, Beauchemin, 270 pp., $2.50). It covers the years 1935 to 1939. Garneau died in 1943, having spent the last few years of his life at the home of his parents at Saint-Catherine, resigned to silence and solitude. The central fact about him is the split in his psyche, the dualism, the play of two contradictory forces in his soul, which reduced him to loneliness and impotence and almost drove him mad. One such experience of impotence, he says, happened to him in February, 1935:

Last week I experienced a feeling of helplessness, humiliation, solitude. I thanked God for not giving me foresight, for if my imagination had prolonged this condition of extreme tension together with this feeling of precariousness, uselessness, and impotence, it would have led me to a kind of hopeless folly and delivered all my being to a blinding darkness which I have felt threatening me especially since last autumn. . . . I remember that for a long time states of exaltation, a sort of flight outside of myself and beyond the control of my will, had troubled me. But at that time, the violent inner separation from which I suffer was not so accentuated, as my physical being was more robust and my lucidity less acute.

During that period he was "visited by God's Grace," "strangely illu-

minated in the necessity of holiness" and brought so decisively face to face with "the dilemma of good and evil" that it was "impossible to choose evil." "I am terrified of evil," the journal continues. "To do evil is an irrevocable act, a total refusal of God, a conscious rebellion, a total acceptance of pride and of sin altogether and of despair, down to the depths, which can only end in madness."

Turning from a world of power and gladness into himself he may have found, as he says of Beethoven, "the great inner isolation where a man can no longer be touched, or cast down; the cell whose only window opens towards God." Yet in his inner sanctuary he felt oppressed by impotence, weariness, spiritual drought, the source of which is not hard to find. "Here I am," he says, "with my load of original sin, without the possibility of a single resting-place in the good-nature of the flesh." An ingrained habit of associating the flesh with the idea of sin, and the consequent impossibility of conceiving a pure love, are traits which make Garneau a representative of his generation. He notes: "All my life, the impression that innocence was repressed more and more from bottom to top. At the same time a desire to have nothing to do with the corrupt part, the part without light. . . . So that, during adolescence, a sort of wish that my body might end at my waist." "Baudelaire, that tragic figure, cast on evil a pitiless light, a lucidity which still makes the world shiver." He was a Jansenist, says Garneau; he associated love with the idea of sin. It is against a long tradition of Jansenism that Garneau rebels. "Jansenism demands too much of man; it will not compromise with the actual state of man; and because it wants man as without original sin, it incessantly sticks to that original sin and cannot get beyond it." It is the Jansenism in Mauriac that revolts Garneau. "His thinking always smells of a mouldy and most despondent Jansenism, his inquietude is darkened so that it horrifies you and it seems to border on heresy by that Jansenism." And Garneau wonders how the artist can become so detached from the man as to reach the grandeur of *Le Baiser au Lépreux* and the transparent serenity of *Le Nœud de Vipères*. "Very dangerous inner vices," he believes, "are at work in this complexion. It is not at all balanced. The thought contains stubborn errors and the feeling is falsified in a way that recalls another age; a state of mind long since left behind. Mauriac is behind the times." Garneau's lucid awareness of the split in his own personality made him readily detect a similar malady in others.

He may keep his window open towards God, he may feel that a man who says that "the pleasure of love resides in the consciousness of committing evil" is preferring himself to God, yet he knows that the very thought of preference is occasioned by the split in his psyche,

by the dissociation of spirit and flesh. In despair of the purity of love, Garneau goes to meet the woman on the street. Unlike Baudelaire he finds no pleasure in her. Like Lemelin, like Elie, Garneau is hounded by the idea of guilt. And he knows the reason. "The cause lies in a spiritual and emotional complex, as far as I can see, a complete poisoning of the whole personality." He experienced positive anguish when he saw anything beautiful, a beautiful sunset, for example.

> I am so broken and reduced to such a contemptible dough that I don't know why or in what to hope. Reduced as I am, what can I become? What is going to become of me? I cannot peacefully look at trees or animals, my sick vision splits and suffers wherever it strikes, finding everywhere my emptiness, my lie, my impotence, my baseness, my nothingness, my complete poverty. Inside me, I find nothing but desert and nothingness.

As a literary man he sensed that it was a creative moment. "The idea came to me," he says, "of writing an autobiographical novel the hero of which discovers his lie and his nothingness and goes to die in a brothel believing that he has found there a real contact with life, a final and real consciousness of his existence, actually finding the same useless, depressing work of impotence and bitter dissatisfaction."

Indeed it is to the inner split that we owe Garneau's creative visions. The idea of the bones, for example: "This idea of the bones consisted in stripping oneself of one's flesh in which one can never trust, of this mask which does not stop deceiving us at the moment we least expect it." The joy of our body is destroyed by the slightest shock, the slightest fear, desire, or feeling of impotence. Therefore, "it would be better to strip oneself of this cumbersome appearance and be reduced to the simple hardness of the bones, to the silence of the bones." In the same order is the impression of the tree with its branches lopped off: "That my vertebral column is a trunk, from which the branches are lopped off by clean strokes of an axe. They are my ribs. Also, that little creatures in my back are driving a wedge between my ribs and separating them. Not a painful impression, almost a relief, rather."

Not unconnected with his revulsion against the self is Garneau's critique of nationalism: "Every movement in the direction of self is sterile. . . . All this retroactive mysticism seems to me against nature, sterile and sterilizing. . . . Culture is something essentially human. It intends to make men and not French Canadians." In this shift of emphasis from the national to the human, Garneau anticipated the present current of neo-humanist criticism.

V

The publication of Garneau's *Journal* elicited a good deal of comment in Canada and in France. Gilles Marcotte, in a forty-page

preface, identified Garneau with the community in its isolation from the world. "Garneau represents us. He assumed to its very limits a weight of solitude which our earlier literature suggested and which the most significant works of today forcefully underscore. We are a small group isolated by our language and our faith. And because we were and wanted to be but proprietors, we have lost everything." After offering to the world "the pale local colours of regionalism," French Canada now presents "the drama of a strange alienation." Marcotte speaks of a deep split, an "undeniable psychological perversion," an "inability to communicate," "the silence of the last years," and credits Garneau with "resolving his inner contradictions in the communion of saints." Jean Le Moyne, who knew Garneau intimately, takes us to the cause of Garneau's isolation and shows us the poison. Commenting in *Le Devoir* (March 6, 1954) on the passage in which Garneau expresses his renunciation of joy, "Que le bonheur est dangereux, et toute puissance, et toute ivresse," Le Moyne remarks that this writing has a seventeenth-century flavour precisely because

> it is full of the Jansenist error with which Saint-Denys-Garneau and so many of us, for our human loss, were impregnated by our old French religion. These splendid lines are the fruit of the dualist poison which we receive mixed with the gifts of the faith and the sacraments—the poison which, after dissociating the spirit and placing on the flesh the condemnation of fear, appears as the supreme confirmation of culpability, for it struggles against that which is blessed and which is to be possessed. Our enemies are not flesh and blood but the powers of darkness.

Garneau, it may be noted, was the subject of a doctoral disseration, *Le Message poétique de Saint-Denys-Garneau*, by Brother Lévis Fortier (Ottawa, 1954).

A society so deeply influenced by the Jansenism of Port-Royal naturally frowned on the theatre, and the history of dramatic art in Quebec is the story of deadly encounters with the bishops. These encounters are recalled by M. Séraphin Marion in his latest volume of literary studies, *Littérateurs et moralistes* (Les Lettres canadiennes d'autrefois, VIII; Hull, Edns "l'Eclair," Ottawa, Edns de l'Université, 191 pp., $2.50). M. Marion sides with the moralists against the artists and commends the bishops for their work of guarding French-Canadian souls against poisonous ideas emanating from France. First it is seventeenth-century bishops, Jansenist "in the eyes of posterity," who declared that it was impossible to see Molière's *Tartuffe* "without sin." In 1860 a French theatre was born in Montreal. The proprietors did their best to silence every pious fear by submitting plays to a censor and a committee of respectable persons. In 1868 some French artists opened a Comic Opera. The very news of their arrival inflamed

Bishop Bourget, who put his foot down with a vengeance. Comic Opera was a plague worse than cholera, since it attacked the souls of his flock. In the nineties a bishop appeared in a civil court and defended his right to censure the magazine *Canada-Revue*, which offered for sale the works of Alexandre Dumas and proposed to publish serially *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. "The artist-apostle," M. Marion maintains, "is superior to the artist who is artist and nothing more."

Critics of a later generation are rising higher and seeing further; scanning wider horizons for signs of the human and the universal, they are finding new ways of expressing the soul of their race. As we read Marcel Raymond's study of Chekhov, published in *Ecrits du Canada français*, we feel that an inner sympathy is guiding this critic to an understanding of the Russian dramatist and "the mystery of the Slav soul." Raymond's study is in the great tradition. He looks at Chekhov's life, he examines his works, and tries "to find the essence of their art." Chekhov is a man of pity. His sympathies are with the feeble, the persecuted, the misunderstood. He sees and paints boring lives, dull existences, dismal fates. He observes sacrificed souls, failures, impotent creatures "who only weep and do nothing to get themselves out of their difficulties." Chekhov, says Raymond, treats the individual as a product of the group. The Russia of Chekhov's day was a "noble rottenness." Yet in the midst of "spiritual stagnation" Chekhov "was convinced that it was not the régime that needed to be changed but men." In *The Cherry Orchard* he found a universal theme: "the liquidation of one form of society by another."

> They believe there is only one orchard. There is an infinity of orchards: each makes his own, with his memories, with what it represents to him. The orchard is threatened: the group is agitated but it does not act as a team. Each tries to save *his* orchard, in *his* way, and that is why they all lose it. The group thought they were acting unanimously in the case of something, an object, but they only succeeded in dispersing the energies that could have saved it. Then everything falls into order again.

Still another way of approaching the mystery of the French-Canadian soul is represented by Father Benoît Lacroix, who has a habit of uttering the names of medieval writers and contemporary French-Canadian writers in the same breath. In an article bearing the title, "De Chrétien de Troyes à Saint-Denys-Garneau, 1163 et 1937" (*La Revue Dominicaine*, 1954), he wrote: "The former does not represent all the Middle Ages, but he expresses the *lay* aspirations of his time, especially concerning the practice of heroism and the chivalric virtues; the latter does not represent all the poetry of our time but he does express the deep-seated, introspective tendencies." For Father Lacroix, representative figures are links which join the contemporary

epoch to the Middle Ages, where the soul was born. Following Pascal's idea of a man subsisting over the centuries, Father Lacroix takes the magic out of the date 1760. "Shutting ourselves in more and more, we have forgotten our true past, especially the seventeenth century, without which it is impossible, so we believe, to understand the French Canadian." His vision of historical continuity, his conception of a providential unity of history, has brought him to a position where he judges French-Canadian literary works by setting them against others afar off in time or space. In a short study entitled *Vie des lettres et histoire canadienne* (Montréal, Edns du Lévrier, 77 pp., $1.00) he draws a genealogical table in which he shows French-Canadian literature as descending from medieval French literature. But the most provocative comments in the study are the literary judgments obtained by the new comparative method. Father Lacroix speaks of Anne Hébert as "greater than the Comtesse de Noailles and deeper perhaps than Marie Noël." Jean Le Moyne is "an excellent writer, probably superior to Camus." "Mgr Savard is one of the greatest French poets of the twentieth century." "Marcel Raymond and Robert Elie are as good as any French literary critic."

VI

Canon Lionel Groulx has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination. During a banquet in his honour Cardinal Léger referred to him as "the man of total engagement." "For a generation you have been an example of total gift; you have truly been the man of God. You have believed that our people had an apostolic mission; that, in these new lands, its culture and its faith made it a particularly effective instrument for spreading the gospel and for building a civilization befitting the dignity of man." Canon Groulx's life has been what it has been, said the Cardinal, because he has always kept a child-like piety and never departed from "the purest source of traditional and authentic spirituality." Some of Canon Groulx's recent talks have been published under the title *Pour bâtir* (Montréal, L'Action Nationale, 1953, 216 pp., $2.00). In the first talk he answers his question "Are we isolationists?" by references to events in French-Canadian history which prove it "impossible that the French Canadian has ever inclined to isolation or isolationism." "To commit that sin," says Canon Groulx, "he would have had to go counter to all his instinctive generosity, lie to his faith, which is charity and fraternity, and lie to his culture which is essentially universalist." This does not prevent the Canon, however, from going on to warn his hearers that to give up classical studies means a difference, one distinction less, between them and their surroundings. Any reform, he warns

them, means a reform in spirit. Scientific culture, he says, turns the mind to material nature; humanist culture of the old type directs it to man. But he has a special type of man in mind. Humanism, for Canon Groulx, is an instrument for making good French Canadians. Saint-Denys-Garneau, we recall, said that humanist culture seeks to make good men.

Canon Groulx also differs from Bourassa, who sought to create a nationalism valid for all Canadians. This is made clear by M. André Laurendeau in an excellent essay on Bourassa's nationalism, reprinted in *La Pensée de Henri Bourassa* (Montréal, L'Action Nationale, 245 pp., $1.00). This volume is a collection of appreciations of the thought expressed in Bourassa's writings. Patrick Allen writes on Bourassa and British imperialism; F.-A. Angers on the problem of peace; Father Richard Arès on the role of Catholicism; Roland Parenteau on Bourassa's economic and social ideas. Laurendeau once stated that "Bourassa died in 1923" and denounced his Jansenism. The point he makes in this essay is that Bourassa's nationalism never changed, that he always preached a Canadian nationalism, that he defended the rights of the French-Canadian people but always "chose to do it in terms that are valid for all," that "whatever may be the force of his French-Canadianism, he chose to be Canadian." Bourassa's country is the whole of Canada; but a federation of distinct races and autonomous provinces. He believes in a Canadian nation; but he sees it composed of two elements, separated by language and religion and by legal arrangements necessary to preserve their traditions. After his audience with the Pope in 1926, Bourassa's religious thought deepened. Behind certain of his words Laurendeau notices "a religious conception which I once called Jansenism, which consists in reducing the intrinsic value of the creature, recognizing in him no value except as a function of the Creator." "Here," says Laurendeau, "Bourassa stands apart not only from French Canadians but also from those Christians who recognize splendour in the creature."

Father Antoine Bernard is an Acadian whose interest in the history of his people has led him to Louisiana, where several thousands of them settled after the *grand dérangement* of 1755. His *Histoire de la Louisiana* (Québec, Le Conseil de la Vie Française en Amérique, Université Laval, 446 pp., $3.00) is an exhaustive account of the state from the days of Bienville and Vaudreuil, its vicissitudes during the Spanish régime, the French régime, through the Civil War and the carpetbag period down to the great wars. Certain happenings are mentioned in passing: epidemics of yellow fever, floods, the opening (in 1840) of a famous restaurant in New Orleans by a Frenchman from Marseilles named Antoine Alciatore. M. Bernard also speaks of

natural resources, of the progress of education, at first under the Ursulines and Jesuits, of Huey Long's vision, the four-cent tax per barrel on oil, and the buildings of Louisiana State University. We find interesting notes on Audubon, naturalist, Charles Gayarré, historian, Adrien Rouquette, poet, and L. M. Gottschalk, musician. For a hundred years the Acadian people were forgotten, and M. Bernard venerates Longfellow whose poem *Evangeline* means to him the resurrection of the Acadian race. The date 1906 is painful to M. Bernard because it marks the beginning of anglicization in the name of national unity. Yet in 1917, when a call to arms was sounded, many men from Louisiana did not know enough English to follow elementary military exercises.

Reporting to the third Congrès de la Langue française au Canada, held in 1952, M. Hosea Phillips stated: "Patriotic organizations do not exist; but there are numerous cultural societies. These societies work to keep alive the French language, culture, and spirit in Louisiana. The press offers no French page, no news to people of that tongue in the region. They are better served by the radio which broadcasts news in French several times a day." The *Mémoires* of this congress are mainly reports on French life and language in regions of Canada and the United States where French Canadians have settled (Québec, Edns Ferland, 1953, 390 pp., $2.25).

"The history of the teaching of medicine in Canada begins on the day when, on the orders of Jacques Cartier, a barber-surgeon performed an autopsy in order to find out the malady that had caused the death of a young man of twenty." C. H. Boissonault, who makes this statement, opens his *Histoire de la Faculté de Médecine de Laval* (Québec, Les Presses Universitaires Laval, 438 pp., ill., $4.00) with interesting observations on the knowledge and practice of medicine in Europe and North America at the time of the discovery. Laval received its charter in 1852; the Faculté de Médecine was organized in 1854. The first graduate of the medical school was Hubert Larue, known in literary history as a founder of *Les Soirées canadiennes*. M. Boissonault speaks of medical journals, hospitals, and institutes, and in the last section describes the work of Deans Rousseau, Dagneau, and Vézina, and the fight against tuberculosis and cancer.

Ringuet, a medical man, traveller, historian, creator of fiction, is a new kind of French Canadian who wants to identify himself with the life of the American continent. *Un Monde était leur empire* (1943) was an attempt to write the "prehistory" of Canada. "I want it to be the history of the soil on which we live," he said, "and which gradually, insensibily, modifies us and makes us its own." Inhabitants of an ancient Canada, not a Canada dating from the coming of the white

man, but a Canada thousands and thousands of years old—that is what Ringuet means by Canadians. "We are not foreigners; we are not Europeans. Whether we descend from French, English, Spanish, Dutch . . . we are and ought to try to be Americans, in the broad sense of the word." Ringuet's view of Canadian history as a continuous story of American life is a repudiation of the pedagogy of his schoolmasters. The same tone is noticeable in the sub-title of his new book, *L'Amiral et le Facteur: comment l'Amérique ne fut pas découverte* (Montréal, André Dussault, 206 pp., $1.90). He used to hear voices lamenting "that a continent which was discovered by one man should be named after another." "What injustice! Because the discoverer had a very painful experience, people came to believe that the substitution was the result of a cruel deception of which Columbus was the victim and Amerigo Vespucci the beneficiary." "The truth is certainly very different," says Ringuet, who finds it necessary to examine documents, to review the circumstances, in order to find out "if Columbus was a saint and Vespucci a thief." But Ringuet is looking for something deeper than historical veracity. For Ringuet, Columbus is a man who is moved by a vision—a vision of India, China—and Vespucci is a man who has set his foot firmly upon the soil of America. Tradition, for Ringuet, has nothing to do with Greece and Rome and France. Ringuet prefers Vespucci to Columbus because he wants to dispel visions which were put into his head by teachers who insisted that he was a Frenchman, and to be free to feel that he is a Canadian who has been formed by a long process of human life on the American continent.

VII

The facts and effects of industrialization are provoking a good deal of thought and social activity. MM. François-Albert Angers and Patrick Allen, professors at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes commerciales, Montreal, in a study entitled *Evolution de la structure des emplois au Canada* (Montréal, 112 pp., 90¢), elucidate a point in the problem of the exodus from the country: the extraordinary productivity of labour. Once upon a time, indeed for thousands of years, they say, "three hours of human labour were required to obtain one hundred pounds of threshed wheat. Today the work is done in ten minutes." Agriculture is industrialized. "It follows that the level of life in a country which progresses technically is more apt to rise through the masses of the people whereas in countries where the economy does not evolve the level falls or at best remains stationary." That is the view of the academic and scientific leaders in Montreal and Laval. Others there are who view the exodus with alarm. Two and three-

quarter million French Canadians live in towns, they exclaim, and one and three-quarter million live in the country. Believing that the situation is fraught with danger for the race, they have founded a land settlement society, and land settlement was the topic chosen for discussion at the thirty-first session of the Semaines Sociales du Canada, held at Mont-Laurier (*Etablissement rural et immigration*, Montréal, Institut Social Populaire, 260 pp., $2.00). The papers read at the meetings reveal two divergent views. There is the view that "agriculture has always been considered the strength of a nation," the view of Father Archambault, the president of the Semaines Sociales, and of M. C.-E. Couture, president of the Société canadienne d'établissement rural. M. Couture speaks of "power-ideas" needed to prepare minds for rural life. One of these ideas is "life," in the sense of obligation towards family, church, and nation, "without which a man has not the strength, the courage, or the idealism necessary to play his role in the collectivity." The other is the idea of "conquest": "apostolic conquest." With these "power-ideas" the members of this society hope to revivify parish life from Abitibi and New Ontario to Alberta. The other view, realistic rather than reactionary, is expressed by Professor Roland Parenteau in a paper on "Industrialization and its Consequences." "To attempt to preserve a rural civilization in Quebec in the twentieth century is Utopian." He notes too that it is not so much the city that attracts men from the country as the farms that drive them away. There is not room for men on the farms. For years New England absorbed the surplus; now Quebec's own industries absorb them. Because it is foreign capital that has revolutionized the economy French Canadians feel that they are valets and not masters in their own house. The birth-rate has diminished; there is class friction. But there is the compensation of a higher standard of life.

Political science has suffered neglect in Canada where it has been treated as a section of economic science. Works on our political institutions have usually been in English. Professor Jean-Charles Bonenfant, of Laval, recently broadcast some talks on the subject, now published in the volume entitled *Les Institutions politiques canadiennes* (Québec, Les Presses Universitaires Laval, 204 pp., $2.00). The chapters, necessarily short, deal with the constitution, Canadian federalism, the Cabinet, the Crown, diplomatic representation, the electoral system, municipal institutions, etc. M. Bonenfant uses the historical method. In his talk on federalism, for example, he refers to Greek, Italian, Swiss, German forms of federalism before coming to the Fathers of Confederation, who, he says, "studied how in 1787 at Philadelphia the American States became federated." At the conference at Charlottetown in September, 1864, the need of federal union

was generally felt, and one member humorously spoke of a sort of marriage in which the contracting parties, while uniting sentiments and interests, kept their identity. On certain points Canadian federalism is not as clear, precise and logical as Latin minds would like. The situation of the Lieutenant-Governor, for example, with his extraordinary powers as direct representative of the Sovereign, creates complications. Premier Ferguson of Ontario opened a long debate when, in 1930, he maintained that Confederation was born of a pact between the provinces and not of a law in the British parliament. Since then there have been theorists who favour the pact, others who favour the law, and again others who take the view that Canadian federalism is both a pact and a law, in short an institution. The federal system has its disadvantages but, in the opinion of M. Bonenfant, "it is obviously the only solution, for Quebec especially."

Le Fédéralisme canadien (Québec, Les Presses Universitaires Laval, x, 299 pp., $2.50) by Professor Maurice Lamontagne, a member of the Laval group who has recently been transferred to the ministry of national resources at Ottawa, is remarkable as the history of a phase in a developing political concept and perhaps more remarkable still as an analysis of racial mentality. Quebec, says M. Lamontagne, is in a dilemma, forced to choose between federalism and separatism. Since 1940 Canadian federalism has changed its complexion as industrialization and the international situation have called upon the state to exercise important functions in the fields of economic stability, social security, and defence. "The province of Quebec," says M. Lamontagne, "on the whole, has not accepted the new tendencies." He wonders whether separation will not be forced upon her one day. "As a consequence of her own decision," Quebec does not benefit by the federal government's programme of financial aid. The continual quarrels between governments engender frustration and apathy in the people who, under the constant influence of inflamed prejudices, move in a vicious circle. At elections they always cast an ethical vote. Federally, they oppose parties which seem "dangerous"; provincially, they oppose the federal government which they consider a menace. Confident that Ottawa is only another scapegoat, M. Lamontagne courageously probes to the origin and nature of the real menace. "By force of circumstances Quebec folded back on itself. It had to protect itself, or more exactly it let itself be protected by its religious and political leaders. Folding back and the need of protection are the two phenomena which define the mentality of our group." French Canadians feel that their culture is threatened, but "they refuse to seek the origins and causes of the danger in themselves. They look outside their group for the authors of the menace. English, Jews, Americans, and

now the federal government have become objects of collective aggressiveness." They see myths but not facts. "Their perception of reality has been deflected. That is why they continue to be indifferent and passive in the presence of the real factors which compromise their culture. They accept them unconsciously. They submit to them docilely, whereas if you show them a myth which they have been accustomed to fight they suddenly become interested, even aggressive." It is apparent to M. Lamontagne that "there exists among French Canadians a deep cleavage between the order of concrete facts and the order of collective thought"; and, he says, "it has become imperative to reckon with this dissociation." While the search for scapegoats has been going on the political leaders have welcomed and encouraged foreign capital. Because the mentality of the group has been conditioned by myths the people are unmoved by the evils of Americanization, by the deterioration of French-Canadian culture. In M. Lamontagne's opinion separation would resolve none of the difficulties. It would only impoverish French-Canadian culture still further, shut it in and stifle it. Separation would lessen the capacity of the people to resist Americanization, which is going to continue, no matter what happens. French Canadians must cease to look back at the past, cease to delight in dreams of separation. Their future is bound up with the rest of the country. The dilemma admits of only one solution: "lucid integration into the new Canadian federalism."

VIII

Biography is an act of worship. Very often the object is a religious hero who undertakes an almost impossible task. Father Eugène Nadeau's *Sapir, prêtre de misère* (Montréal, Edns Oblates, 366 pp., $1.50) is a case in point. A missionary giant, François-Xavier Fafard, 1856–1946, was known to the Indians on James Bay as Sapir. With neither *x* nor *v* in their vocabulary that was how they pronounced the word Xavier. He was late in deciding for the priesthood. One day he announced to his father that he wanted to go to college. He was nineteen, and at school he sat with youngsters from six to eight years old. But he finished his courses and became an Oblate. First he was posted to Temiskaming. In 1892 he founded a mission at Albany and for sixteen years laboured among the Crees there. His parish was vast; yet he could count barely a thousand souls in his flock. There was no school, no convent, and Sapir was Jack-of-all-trades, carpenter, builder, cook, and traveller. He travelled thirty-two thousand miles by canoe. Later Father Fafard spent twenty-four years with the Algonkians at Maniwaki. What is admirable is the spiritual resource,

the will to endure humiliation, to face the hardships of a northern climate, in order to save souls.

In Father Hermann Poisson's *La Vigne féconde* (Maison du Christ-Roi, Châteaugay-Bassin, Qué., 114 pp., $1.00) the object of worship is a sufferer in whom is seen an agonizing God. It is the story of the Abbé J. H. C. Poisson, 1887–1933. "Nailed to a horizontal cross" for seventeen years, his life and death were wrapped in "the mystery of suffering." The same author's *Assumpta Est* (1953, 114 pp., $1.00) concerns Pauline Palmer, 1907–1947, in religion Sister Saint Thomas Morus. Miss Palmer was a mystic soul for whom religious life was a fulfilment of an ardent desire for union with God.

IX

The Albert the Great lecture for 1954, delivered by Father Dominique Salman, was a discussion of *La Place de la philosophie dans l'université idéale* (Montréal, Institut d'Etudes Médiévales, 67 pp.). Father Salman naturally thinks of philosophy as playing, with theology, a dominant and guiding role in the university. He deals with the problems of research undertaken by professors, the training of students, the education of citizens. In the thirteenth century philosophers were university men. But in the seventeenth century and since, philosophic activity flourished outside the university, in contact with scientific effort which alone could stimulate it. Comte can be explained by a university which did not understand the science of his day; Kierkegaard, by a university which did not understand the problems of the religious soul; Freud, by a university which cared little about the deep forces of the human personality. There are three aspects of reflection or three fundamental dimensions of thought: systematic, historic, scientific. The main point Father Salman makes is the necessity of contact with researchers in other departments, so that a synthesis of thought may be reached. But he reserves an important place for the solitary thinker. "We do not think that an original philosophic system can be elaborated by a team of workers in a committee meeting. We are convinced, more than any one, of the essential role of the personal and solitary reflection of the gifted thinker. But his reflection must be adequately informed by precise documentation and fittingly controlled by the permanent criticism of competent colleagues."

X

The second volume of Professor Raoul Blanchard's *L'Ouest du Canada français* describing the Ottawa, Abitibi, and Temiskaming regions (Montréal, Beauchemin, 334 pp., ill., $6.00) concludes a

series of researches begun by the eminent geographer twenty-four years ago.

What M. Gérard Morisset sees in the Quebec landscape is a church with its treasures. *Les Eglises et le trésor de Lotbinière* (Québec, Collection Champlain, 1953, 72, xxxii pp., $2.00) is the latest of his slim illustrated monographs, the purpose of which is to inspire love and respect for the work of man's hands. M. Morisset is not merely an historian of art, a custodian of priceless art treasures; there is in him something of the imaginative artist. He senses the drama of a church, its heroic will to live; he knows the romance of dim, religious light.

> Go into Lotbinière when the sun is setting in the west; at that moment it diffuses its amber light in the depths of the sanctuary and on the complementary furnishings of the nave, the pulpit, and the churchwardens' pew. Examine all this decoration, the result of three different campaigns. It is not the most complete work of the Canadian school, nor the richest, nor has it the most sumptuous statues and carvings; yet it impresses you by the noble arrangement of its reredos, the majesty of its proportions, the profound unity of its styles, the perfection of its statuary art, of its ornamental sculpture.

M. Jean Sarrazin's radio talks are delightful. A "human geographer" interested in man's presence in the world, he introduces us to the peoples of the world whose mode of life he defines in chapter headings: "A race which is dying under a radiant sun," "A rice civilization swarming with yellow hordes," "Merchants of rugs, dreams, and oil," "Ruined castles, mystic pride, gilded poverty." These talks are to be found in a beautifully printed and illustrated volume entitled *Visages de l'homme* (Montréal, Beauchemin, 368 pp., $3.50). Another attractive book is Mlle Germaine Bernier's *Impressions de France et d'Italie* (Montréal, Beauchemin, 187 pp., $2.00), an account of a Canadian journalist's impressions abroad, tastefully designed to induce North Americans to take to the air and visit Europe. With these two examples of French Canada looking abroad, we may conclude our survey for 1954.

V. PUBLICATIONS IN OTHER LANGUAGES WATSON KIRKCONNELL

Poetry in 1954 has been fairly equally divided among the Icelanders, the Ukrainians, and the Jews of Canada.

In Icelandic, Páll S. Pálsson of Gimli has published *A Search*, his third collection of lyric poems, earlier volumes having appeared in 1936 and 1947. The last twenty-six pages are given over to a lyric sequence entitled "Twilight-Song, an Episode from the Church History of the North American Icelanders." Of the remaining fifty poems,

fully half are addressed to friends on various occasions—a wedding anniversary, a sixtieth birthday or some similar notable day. Love of nature is found in his "Icelandic daisy in America," "Memorial to a raven," and "Landfall." A satirical note is sounded in his verses: "I saw Mammon glow in phosphorescence. . . ." The dates of many individual poems are given, ranging all the way from 1901 to 1954. A fellow-Icelander who has turned to English as a medium of expression is Paul Bjarnason, of Vancouver, whose *Odes and Echoes* consists of 20 pages of original verse (the "Odes") and 150 pages of verse translations (the "Echoes") from Icelandic poets in Canada and in Iceland. The original poetry is given over to railing against war and capitalism, without marked technical mastery. In his translation, on the other hand, Paul Bjarnason has given us a superb introduction to modern Icelandic poetry, one of the best collections of it ever to be published in English dress. He is particularly to be commended on the range of his renderings from Stephan G. Stephansson and Einar Benediktsson. This is an important volume.

While the Icelanders' poetry is chiefly social, political, and personal in its orientation, that of the Ukrainians is frankly religious. From the community of the Evangelical Baptists has come *Rays*, a large anthology of religious verse, some 232 poems on every phase of Christian experience. Among the scores of poets included are several whose volumes have been reviewed here in earlier years, such as Ivan Kmeta-Efimovich, M. Podvornyak, and I. Tarasiuk. The general editor, Volodymyr Ostapchuk, is to be congratulated on the range and emotional quality of the collection. In last year's survey, notice was taken of an eighty-page verse cycle, *Christ the Messiah*, by the Ukrainian Archbishop Michael, of Toronto. With it must now be associated the same poet's *Epic of the World*, a sequence with the time-range of the Old Testament, from Creation down to the rise of the Roman Empire. The scale of the work is impressive and will help to give the Ukrainians of the archdiocese an inspired sense of the sweep of Christian chronology.

Three volumes of verse have come to me from the Jewish community in Montreal. *Poems*, a little collection by Vera Black, is in English and often successfully captures both image and emotion:

> Blow the candles out;
> Smother and stifle them.
> There is no candle-light . . .
> Only the glare and blaze of torches
> Seeking you out, and me—
> Heretics, consumed by fire and dust,—
> There is no candle-light. . . .

Much more ample in scope is Mrs. Ida Massey's big volume of Yid-

dish verse, *My Children Grow*. Mrs. Massey writes fluently and in a spirit of maternal fancy and affection that keeps on the safe side of mere sentimentality. From "We play in the rain" on page 13 to "Thank God" on page 197, she runs the full gamut of domestic emotion. Especially fine are "three little bears" (p. 26), "I am captain" (p. 38), "To the new moon" (p. 89), and "To be a mother" (p. 195). Smaller in scope but more concentrated in sense and form is Isaac Goldkorn's volume of *Epigrams*. It is divided into several categories—Album of types, Individuals, Literature and culture, Maximum of social and political minimum, etc.—but the chief interest lies in the first group, with its portrait gallery of tourists, moralists, columnists, sinners, dialecticians, atheists, opportunists, scholars, and demagogues.

I have noted no Canadian fiction for this section of "Letters in Canada," although Ukrainian publishers in Winnipeg have reissued a number of novels by Ukrainian authors in the European tradition, notably Olha Kobylanska's *The Soil*, Yurij Tys's *The Marquise*, Volodymyr Lopushansky's *Victory* and Andrey Chaykovskyj's *In Tartar Captivity* (this last an historical tale for children).

The only drama of the year is a three-acter in Icelandic by Dr. J. P. Pálsson, included in the *Tímarit* of the Icelandic National League. Entitled "Cross-roads," it contrasts the careers of the hermit, Asvaldur, and the successful beggar, Kyminn. The beggar takes the hermit's place in his cell, or old shack, and at his death comes to realize that "All roads lead to Rome" and all lives meet a like end. One suspects successive depths of significance.

From the pen of Dr. Tryggvi Oleson, Professor of Medieval History in the University of Manitoba, comes volume V of the monumental *History of the Icelanders in North America*, which has been noted in these annual surveys from time to time. The latest volume is particularly important in dealing with the main community in Winnipeg (pp. 1–311), with brief sketches of the settlements in Minnesota and at Lundar and Selkirk, Manitoba. The exhaustive survey of Winnipeg's Icelanders includes such matters as Icelandic newspapers and other periodicals, a roster of authors, local church history, clubs and societies, "Icelanders' Day," the National League, sports, musicians, painters, playwrights, doctors, lawyers, steamboat companies, and various other activities of Winnipeg's Icelanders. It is an imposing record of a distinguished racial community, and is carefully undergirded with footnotes and other documentation.

A solid piece of work in German is H. Goerz's history of Memrik, a Mennonite colony in southern Russia, from its establishment in 1884 as a daughter-settlement from Molotschna down to its destruc-

tion in 1937–43 by forcible kolkhosization and the terrors of World War II. From 1917 on, the village was subject to incessant murder and pillage at Communist hands; in 1937–8 alone, some 240 men were liquidated by the Bolsheviks; by the summer of 1943 only twelve survivors remained in Memrik and these fled westward from the returning Soviet butchers. A few of them are now in Canada.

The constant rewriting of Russian history in conformity with an ever changing party line is being diligently resisted, so far as the Ukraine is concerned, by a corps of Ukrainian scholars who have taken refuge in the New World. Two voluminously documented volumes in this counter-campaign are Alexander Ohloblyn's *Treaty of Pereyaslav* and Dr. Wasyl Luciw's *Hetman Ivan Mazepa*. The former gives the facts of a treaty concluded in 1654 between the Ukraine under Bohdan Khmelnytsky and the Muscovite government of Tsar Alexei Mikhailovich, nowadays being misrepresented by the Kremlin as a cheerful merging of the two states; the documents show that the treaty was a military alliance between two states that remained autonomous, and even that alliance was presently betrayed by the faithless Russian tsar. In a pamphlet called *Bastion of Resistance*, the Ukrainian Canadian Committee analyses the current Russian propaganda on the subject. Dr. Luciw's life of Mazepa is based on a doctorial thesis which he wrote at the University of Ottawa and seeks to protect a great Ukrainian leader from Communist misinterpretation and character assassination.

The scholarly monographs of the Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences continue to appear in orderly series. Professor Rudnyckyj of the University of Manitoba has issued bibliographical lists for general Slavic and Ukrainian publications (this latter in collaboration with D. Sokulsky) in 1953 and a survey of Ukrainian libraries in Canada. P. Kovaliv has published a philological study of the Ukrainian language and its place in the Slavonic system. John P. Sydoruk has written a treatise of the ideology of the Cyrillo-Methodian Brotherhood. From the Rev. O. Kupranec we have a learned treatise on *Guagninus's Toponomy of 1611*; while Yurij Serech has given us essays on two Ukrainian scholars, Vsevolod Hancof and Olena Kurilo. Solidly imposing as academic achievement are the *Transactions* of the fourth scientific conference of the Shevchenko Scientific Society. In the same breath one may mention Dr. Paulo Macenko's scholarly sketch of the composer, Fedir Stepanovich Yakymenko, who died in Paris in 1945, and a volume of letters written by the late Professor O. Koshets to Dr. Macenko in 1939–44. The Metropolitan Ilarion has contributed to a *Festschrift* collection in honour of Professor Paul Diels a deeply interesting paper on Hebraisms in Old Church Slavonic. He points

out that although the Old Slavic translation of the Old Testament was not made directly from the Hebrew but from the Greek of the Septuagint translation, both the latter and the Greek New Testament are full of Hebrew idioms and locutions and these have permeated the style of the Slavic version.

The Ukrainian Greek Orthodox Church has produced a number of substantial books in the ecclesiastical field, such as a 340-page *Euchologion* (or Prayerbook), a general work on liturgics, a guide to the training of church choirs, and a treatise on highpriestly liturgy and highpriestly visitation. From Father Truh of the Uniate communion has come a slim volume on *Our Holy Church*, while the Rev. Petro Melnychuk has written *Bible Stories from the Old Testament*.

A few remaining items are harder to classify. Einar Páll Jónsson, editor of *Lögberg*, has edited a very choice little volume of tribute to the late Asmund Pétur Jóhannsson and his wife, Sigrid Jónasdóttur. The Icelandic scholar, Professor Richard Beck, has published a fine essay on the poet Stephan G. Stephansson in the Thorgeirson *Almanac* and an eloquent travel-article in the *Tímarit* entitled "In the Footsteps of the Ancient Fathers." The *Almanac* also contains valuable historical material including the story of "The Great Flood in New Iceland" in 1879. Of historical importance is the printed record of the Fourth Ukrainian Canadian Congress. A matter of record also are the Jubilee Calendar of the Ukrainian Greek Orthodox Church and the tenth anniversary brochure of the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre in Winnipeg.

A triumph of Canadian Hebrew scholarship is Rabbi Chaim N. Denburg's translation into English (with commentary, glossary and indices) of the *Prepared Table* of ritual laws written by Rabbi Joseph Caro (1488–1575), an Iberian Jew who spent most of his life in Turkey and Palestine. Rabbi Denburg also includes the original Hebrew text of Caro and glosses by Moses Isserles (1520–72), who supplemented the Sephardic tradition of Caro with notes on the practices and beliefs of the Ashkenazim or Russo-Polish Jews. The details of ancient Hebrew ritual are extremely complex, as in the rules for visiting the sick, hearing confession, rending garments, funeral lamentation, who may dress the dead, precedence of corpses, keeping corpses over night, sundry forms of ritual defilement, the laws of the mourner's meal, things forbidden to the mourner, laundry and tonsorial rules for the mourner, and a thousand other ceremonial requirements. The laws of the rending of garments alone occupy thirty-four pages, with a fascinating multiplicity of details. Thus, one must rend one's garment while standing, not while sitting. The rending is done along the neck of the garment, in front, and to the length of a handbreadth.

For a father or a mother, one must rend all garments, in public, and with the hand; for all others, one rends only the uppermost garment, in private, and either by hand or by some instrument. For a father or a mother, one may baste up the rent after thirty days but must never resew the edges; for all others, one may baste up the rent after seven days and resew the edges after thirty days. One must rend one's garments on hearing evil tidings or on hearing blasphemy.

The first Lithuanian book that I have seen printed in Canada is a history of Vilna from the thirteenth century down to the present, written and published in Toronto by Dr. Adolfas Sapoka. Much is made of the city's intimate association with the national life of the Lithuanian people throughout at least seven centuries. More stress might have been laid on the tragic urban schizophrenia by which, as the result of centuries under a common crown, the city was equally loved and claimed by the Pole and the Lithuanian, and probably occupied by the White Russian and Jew as much as by either. It is perhaps indicative of Dr. Sapoka's intensely Lithuanian approach that for him the chief importance of the Soviet occupation of the Baltic states in 1940 was the restoration of Vilna to Lithuania as its capital. The author is commendably familiar with the Nazi archives printed by the United States Department of State.

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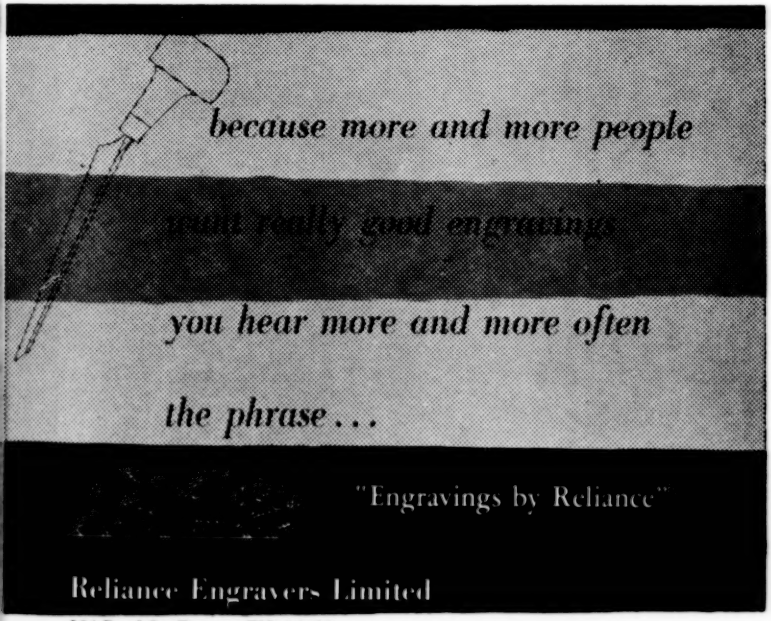
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